

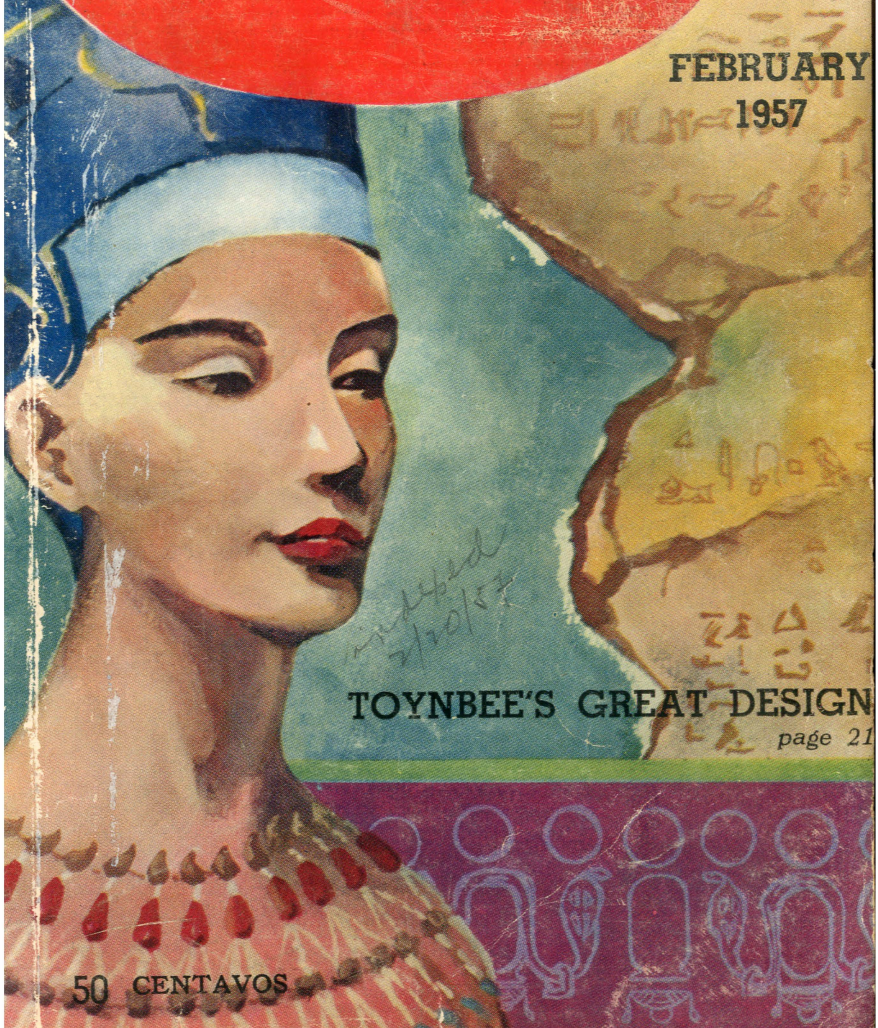
ROYAL HONEY: Our Own  
WONDER FOOD

# Panorama

FEB 1957

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

FEBRUARY  
1957



TOYNBEE'S GREAT DESIGN

page 21

50 CENTAVOS

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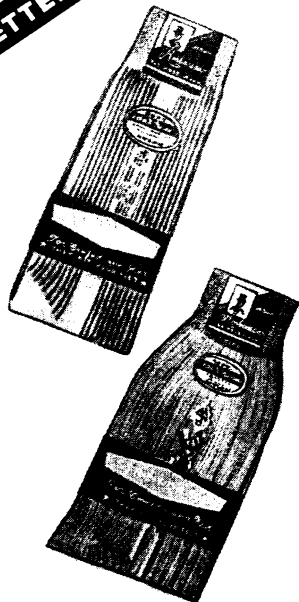
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How *not* to say "Happy Valentine!"

“Individual superiority, not  
standardization, is the  
measure of the progress  
of the world.”

## Let's Educate for INEQUALITY

By **JOHN A. HANNAH**  
President, Michigan State University



**W**HEN THOMAS JEFFERSON and his collaborators were laboring over the wording of the Declaration of Independence, they chose their words carefully, both for their intrinsic meaning and for the effect they would have on those who read them.

In saying that all men are created equal, they meant equal

in the sight of God, and before the law. Enlightened men by the standards of any day, they spurned the idea that there was any natural distinction between individuals by reason of the station in life of their parents. They spurned the idea that some men are born to rule and others were born to obey. They spurned the aristocratic notion that one class should have the benefits and protection of the law, while another should be at a disadvantage because of the law's very existence.

But what they saw clearly — that equality can best be defined as an absence of *artificial* or *arbitrary* barriers to a man's spiritual, mental, and political development — has too often become for us a blurred and twisted reflection.

They saw equally clearly — so clearly that they felt no need to state it — that it was preposterous to assume that men equal politically were equal mentally or culturally or physically or even in the economic sense. If they had considered all people — men, women, children — to be of equal mental power, of equal mental strength, with equal economic resources, then the word they would have chosen to describe the situation would probably have been *uniformity*, not *equality*.

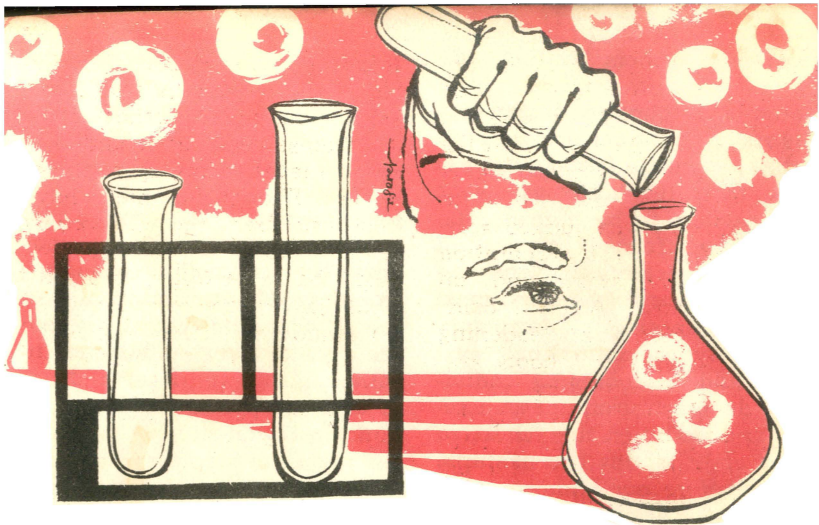
We can sense the distinction in a later phrase: they claimed that all men were endowed with certain inalienable rights, and named among them the right to life, the right to liberty — here all men are equal — and the right to pursue happiness. They did not claim that happiness was conferred upon mankind by a beneficent Creator as were life and liberty; they claimed only that each man should be free to pursue happiness — *catching* it was strictly up to the man himself.

How much of today's restlessness can be traced to our failure to distinguish between

equality and uniformity, our tendency to the indefensible practice of using the one word for the other? How much of our passion for security stems from a misguided belief that because we are equal as citizens, we are equal as individuals; that what one has, all are entitled to enjoy? How much of our insecurity results directly from the conflict between such wishful thinking and the realities of life?

Occasionally, there are voices raised to deplore the tendency in our society to impose uniformity upon all of our people. Quite properly, the voices of educators are among the loudest and strongest in the chorus of protest. And yet, there is reason to ask whether we as educators are not in part to blame; it is our job to teach the sharp distinction between equality and uniformity and, more important still, that it is possible to have the one without the other. Have we always set good examples? Some of the current practices in schools at all levels are open to suspicion and review on this count.

For example, on what ground do we defend the widespread practice of admitting all pupils to school by the standard of chronological age and advancing them as a group, grade by grade, through the school system despite the wide variations in temperament, rates of men-



tal development, cultural background, and learning capacity among individual children?

**T**HERE MAY BE good and sufficient reasons for this practice in the primary schools and possibly in the secondary schools, but we should be wary of the effect such uniformity of treatment has on the pupils themselves by minimizing in their minds the importance of difference between individuals, and doubly careful if the best argument we can advance for it is one of expediency or economy.

If this is a sound practice in elementary and secondary schools, why do we not insist upon following it in colleges and universities, and finish everyone off with a Ph.D. degree?

Surely then we would have equal treatment with a vengeance; moreover, we would have an efficient and comfortable uniformity throughout our educational system if that is what we want.

But uniformity—total and complete—is exactly what we do *not* want, and we do not want education to contribute to the creation of a general state of mind that either accepts uniformity or finds refuge in its snug and secure anonymity.

In this vein, it is surprising how widespread is the practice of paying teachers uniform salaries within school systems with little or no reward for special abilities, extra effort, or exceptional performance. Perhaps it is naive to ask the question, but what incentives can be of-

ferred to teachers working under such a system to do a little better job than the teacher in the room next door or down the hall, and a little better job next year than this? Do we want our teachers to be judged solely on their formal preparation for their profession, and on their longevity? Are we consciously imposing a deadening uniformity on our schools systems and discouraging individual demonstrations of capability and ambition and, if so, to what end? Is this the example to set before our children, that individual variations in ability do not matter, that one cannot better one's status through one's own efforts, but must depend on the passing of years and the mass advancement of one's own particular group for better pay and higher status?

If I wrong the school systems by my suspicions, I am sorry. But the news of late leads me to suspect that some of our school systems should take another look at the situation before too many educators decry the drift towards complacency and uniformity in our society.

Equal pay for unequal performance is a vicious perversion of the concept of equality. This is not equality—it is enforced regimentation at best. The tendency towards compelling everyone to the same general level is not a new thing with us. I think it was Samuel

Johnson who said that the trouble with levelers is that they are anxious to level others *down* to themselves but could not bear to level others *up* to themselves. Thoughtful men have long criticized the philosophy of democracy on the grounds that the controlling majority would insist on conformity to the standard pattern to the extent of coercing minorities to comply, and so deprive itself of the tempering influence of minority opinion.

THESE IS NO need to repeat that education, as a social institution, stands in a peculiar relationship to the philosophy of equality among individuals. The free public school first of all is a device for insuring equality of educational opportunity to all children. But these conditions are not fulfilled simply by building and staffing school buildings; there must be as well the opportunity for each child to advance as far as he can and to accumulate as much knowledge as he can in the process.

It was only the growing realization that this opportunity must be available not only in breadth, but in depth as well, that brought the secondary schools and public universities and colleges into their rightful places in the educational establishment, and keeps them there today. Nor should we obscure the place of the private college



or university nor of our parochial schools for they too are social instruments of the same kind. The only real difference, in this reference, is that they receive support from private philanthropy in addition to the benefits they receive from society as a whole in the form of tax exemptions and the like.

Schools, colleges, and universities are encouraged as one means of assuring equality of opportunity for all in the best democratic tradition. In that sense, they are foundation stones of our social system and essential to the continued well-being—indeed the very existence—of our form of government.

But they are not performing their whole task when they are content to open their doors to all on the basis of equality and fail to encourage and inspire each individual student to do his best, to go as far as he can with his mental and spiritual endowment, or in other words, to educate for inequality.

Nor is society doing its part when it fails to keep the road of opportunity clear of barriers throughout the educational system to afford these opportunities to all who can profitably use them.

But a country will never achieve the greatness until we demonstrate as much concern for those who are mentally su-

perior as for those who are mentally deficient, until we are as much distressed by the waste of intelligence as we are by the lack of it, until we learn to prize our resources of intelligence as much as we do our reserves of iron, our forests, our lakes and streams, our farmlands, and our other natural resources.

**P**ERHAPS I should describe the education for inequality to which these remarks are addressed. I would like to commend the description written by Felix Schelling in these words:

“True education makes for inequality; the inequality of individuality, the inequality of success; the glorious inequality of talent, of genius; for inequality, not mediocrity, individual superiority, not standardization, is the measure of the progress of the world.”

Education of this kind recognizes first of all that there is a great deal of difference in individuals—in their personalities, their intelligence quotients, in their special aptitudes, in their attitudes, in their motivations. It recognizes that true intelligence is a quality to be sought after more diligently than we seek uranium, and to be cherished far more closely than any of the more flamboyant qualities on which we are prone to lavish our admiration and our

material rewards. Most important, it recognizes the failure to develop such intelligence to its fullest extent and greatest social usefulness as a folly this nation cannot afford.

This is no argument for the arbitrary selection of an intellectual elite, the education of the precious few at the expense of the great majority of less mental capacity. It is, on the contrary, a plea for the broadest possible education for the greatest possible number, first in the name of equality of opportunity, and second in the name of that priceless inequality of which Schelling speaks. For only by educating all to the fullest limits of their capacity to absorb and utilize learning can we finally insure the emergence of the intellectually gifted by natural methods of selection which are in accord with the finest traditions of democracy. This is the surest way to rid our educational thinking of subservience to what has been called "the fetish of egalitarianism." We have discarded the fetish in the crucial areas of technology, in our financial and business ventures, and to a great extent, in politics. Why cannot we learn to do the same in the area of cultural, social, and spiritual value? It is a question not easy to answer.

THESE are those who say we are putting too much emphasis on science and the education of scientists, that our salvation as a nation will ultimately depend upon how well we succeed in education for well-rounded lives, emphasizing values and principles less easy to measure than horsepower and octane rating and tensile strength. No person will question this as a long-run thesis. Neither will he fail to observe that the ground must be plowed before the flower can bloom, that paint must be manufactured and canvas woven before the artist can create his masterpiece, that books must be printed before great thoughts can be circulated widely to mankind.

Like it or not, the fact remains that we live and will live in a scientific age, and the course of development and the rate of development of our country will be determined in large measure by the quality of education of scientists and engineers, and the number we graduate from our colleges and universities.

By no means does this indicate a steady drift into cynical materialism. Indeed, it may mark the dawn of a golden era of human progress and development mentally, culturally, and spiritually.

Taken together, these things mean for education both a challenge and an unequalled opportunity to venture into new areas and activities. Perhaps, at long last, education can shift more emphasis away from the professional and vocational training at which it has become so marvelously efficient, towards stirring the imaginations and quickening the spirits of men and women and helping them develop into really educated human beings—humane, tolerant, altruistic, and content.

**I**F THESE things come to pass —and, barring some great world catastrophe, I believe they will — these people will come to us with widely varying capacities for spiritual and cultural development, just as young people come to us with widely varying capacities for mental development. And the same obligation will be upon education as it is today—to help them to develop to the full limits of their individual capacities. They will be unequal in perception and appreciation, in motivation, and in their desires to make the most of their opportunities. These inequalities we must accept,

just as we must accept inequality in mental capacity. They will advance at unequal rates, and reach unequal limits. For this kind of inequality we must learn to educate.

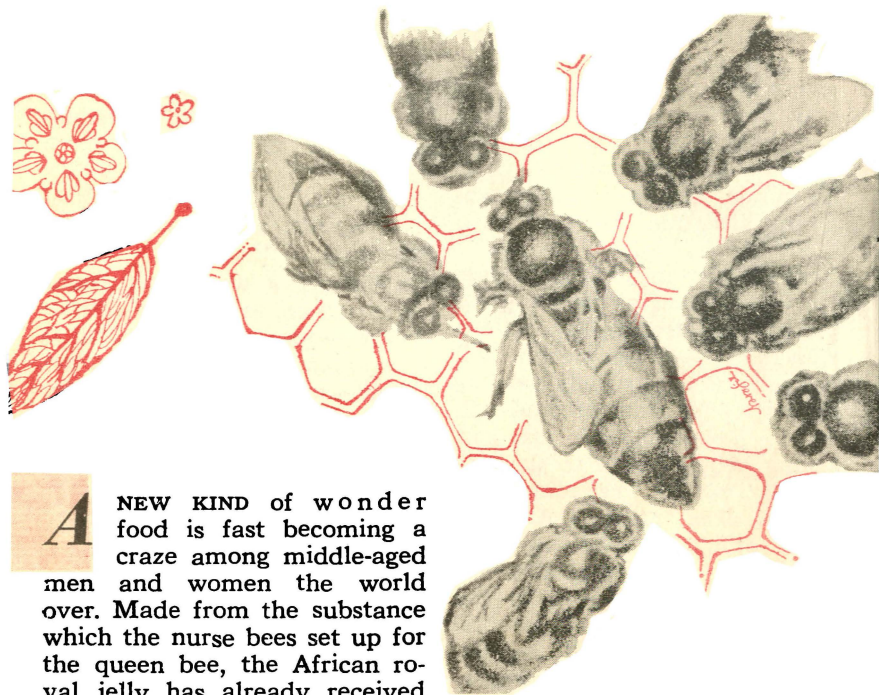
Equality as a philosophical concept is rooted deep in the American tradition; as such, it is one of the main strengths of the American way of life. It is one of the glories of democracy, and must be served as such. But many abuses are committed in its name by those who do not understand the true meaning of the word.

Perhaps it would help them if they were to recall that there is an equally bright word in the great American lexicon. That word is "freedom"—freedom to worship, freedom to speak, freedom to achieve, freedom to climb as far as one can climb with his own efforts without artificial barriers being placed in his way, the freedom if you please, of inequality. This ideal, too, education must serve by teaching that men are essentially equal only in their freedom to grow and develop, without let or hindrance, in accordance with the Creator's plan for His children.

\* \* \*

*Here's something from the weather bureau. For the month of June: Generally cloudy with occasional showers, followed by brides and applications for leave of absence.*

# Royal Honey: Our Own Wonder Food for the Aging



**A** NEW KIND of wonder food is fast becoming a craze among middle-aged men and women the world over. Made from the substance which the nurse bees set up for the queen bee, the African royal jelly has already received world-wide attention. This product is said to possess some vivifying and virilizing powers.

E. A. Schnetler, a farmer in Pretoria, South Africa, who discovered this jelly in his apiary, has been swamped with orders. The demand for the royal jelly is terrific.

By Dr. EUSEBIO Y. GARCIA

But right here in the Philippines, we have something also like the African royal jelly. It is a native field honey called "royal honey." Clinical trials of this jelly to 12 persons in a

“placebo” manner have produced wonderful results similar to those reported for the African jelly.

The two jellies are almost identical, both having the same number of alimantal and elemental constituents. They differ, however, in one thing—in the number of biological milling processes that each has to undergo before it becomes assimilable to the bees. In other words, the royal jelly is the end product of a double process while the royal honey is the result of only one. Under these conditions the royal jelly is expected to be more concentrated and refined than the royal honey.

What are the substances in the royal jelly that promises such wonderful benefits for the middle-aged? Hitherto, nothing has come out along this line of investigation, here or abroad.

The royal honey, a precursor of royal jelly, is formed by the worker bees. In a colony of honey bees, there are four classes: a queen, the hundred drones (male bees), few thousands nurse bees, and many thousands of worker bees. The queen has no other function except to lay eggs. The drones have no other function within the hive except that in their flights, they may accidentally mate with the queen. Soon after mating, they die. The nurse bees prepare the royal jelly

which they feed to the queen, to the larval queens, and to all larvae under two days old. The same nurse bees take the function of putting one egg in every empty cell of the honey comb.

The worker bees are the mainstay of the whole hive. Each of them makes a number of flights outside during the day gathering nectar and pollens from flower to flower. Upon return in the hive, it empties its nectar and pollens into any empty cell. They also have to clean the dirty cells, or the cells that have just been evacuated by the new drones, nurse and worker bees. They make new cells and do some scouting works for new regions where nectar and pollens can be abundantly present. In short, their functions are contributive to the perpetuation of the species rather than that of the individual class of bees.

**T**HE MAIN food of Philippine honey bees is honey, the royal honey. The honey is made from nectaries and pollens of the many varied species of Philippine flowers whether of garden plants or of forest trees. The nectar, containing so many ingredients, is sucked into the honey sac which is an appendage of the stomach; while the pollens are disposed into the pollen baskets situated in each hind leg of the bee. A worker bee always stays a

number of hours outside before it returns to the hive. Upon arrival in the hive, the worker bee empties its pollen load first into a number of cells, and then secretes out to the same cells the contents of its honey sac.

The first biological milling process to convert the nectar and its ingredients into honey takes place in the honey sac of the worker bee. This process consists of various chemical reactions between the complex nectaries and the digestive enzymes of the worker bees. In a matter of few minutes, the whole nectarine materials are transformed into one wholesome honey complex.

The pollens are not disturbed in the bodies of the worker bees because they are kept in their pollen baskets situated in their hind legs. But the honey they are mixed with this partially digested honey in the cells of the honey comb, the excess of digestive enzymes that go with the secreted honey will act chemically on these pollens until they are converted into simple proteins. The mixture of these simple proteins and the secreted nectarine products stored in the cells is plain honey or royal honey. This is the honey that is destined for the food of the drones, nurse bees and worker bees.

The second biological milling process takes place in the honey sacs of the nurse bees.

A few minutes before feeding time, these nurses will visit the cells containing the honey previously deposited by the worker bees. By instinct, they know the ripened honey from the fresh ones. They suck in this ripened honey, and allow it to stay for some minutes in their honey sacs before secreting it out as food for the queen and all stages that deserve this food. This second passage thru the honey sacs of the nurse bees will convert this honey into a more concentrated, refined, and rich food called the royal jelly.

**I**N THIS second digestion, all the simpler compounds of the royal honey are split into their simplest forms ready for assimilation by the bodies of the queen, larval queens, and all larvae below two days old without undergoing in them any further changes. These substances maintain all the physiological functions of life of any individual bee.

Findings in terms of the basic constituents (proteins, sugars, minerals, vitamins, coloring substances, enzymes, and water) show that our native royal honey is practically the same as those of any of the best of its kind in the world today. Analysis of the three samples of our native royal honey (the Tagalog *pulot pukyutan* from Batangas, the Ilocano *Yukuan* from Abra, and the Bicol *leguan*

from Sorsogon), have revealed the presence of two more groups of substances which can be the agents responsible for all those wonderful benefits of the African royal jelly.

These two groups of substances are the pigment extract and oily fractions. From the pigment extract, we found the flavanone *hesperidin* and *eriodictyol*, and the flavonol *rutin* and *quercetin*; and from the oily fraction, we detected the presence of isoflavone *genestin*, and phytosterols *tocopherols* and *sitosterole*. In *pukyutan* and *leguan*, there are more *bioflavonoids* than *isoflavone* and *sterol* together; while in *yukuan*, the reverse is true. These substances have never been reported in the literature even in the United States standards for honey. These findings are new in the science of honey.

In taking in the royal honey, a man assumes the role of the nurse bees which convert this honey into the royal jelly; that is, the second digestion of this honey will take place in the digestive tract of man. The absorption of its essential substances into the systems of man will be equivalent to the assimilations of these substances by the bodies of the queen, and the larval queens. So that in this manner the fate of the royal honey in man will be the same as that of the royal jelly in bees.

No doubt, the most active agents in the royal jelly are the *genestein* and the *tocopherols*. When taken together, the *genestein* under the protection of the *tocopherols*, can exert its full action as much as an *estrogen* hormone does to man. This *genestein* is a plant hormone which is abundant in flowers during the period of pollination. This substance has a chance to trickle into the nectar of the flowers at a time when the worker bees suck in this substance. It seems that the inclusion of this hormone in the nectar is a biological necessity in the sense that it serves as a driving force in the germination of the seed resulting from the cross-pollination. In another respect, if those reports about the wonders of the royal jelly were correct, this *genestein* hormone would have been present in the jelly in so big a quantity that these miraculous effects could be expected to happen.

Going back to our native royal honey, one is assured that he can get around six mouse units (a mouse unit is equivalent to one milligram of *genestein* which is sufficient to produce an enlargement of the uterus twice that of the original) of *genestein* for every pound of it consumed. If he can eat a pound a week, he will have these six units in addition to his natural hormones.

It can act in his body as a synthetic hormone, and may be as good as his natural ones. If his natural hormones are waning, consumption of a few units of this genestein may compensate for the loss that may be actually lacking in particular state of health. For instance, if a woman is past 40, her requirement of this hormone or natural hormones will be more than that of any woman of 30.

*Genestein*, by its actions in animals, is regarded as belonging to a class of female sexual hormones. Although males have this female hormone also, it is needed more by the females. In the females, it not only helps the functions of the reproductive organs but also maintains the integrity of the ground substance upon which all tissue cells are embedded thereby producing smoothness of the skin, increased tone of the tissues, and ever freshness of the complexion. This is what we call a schoolgirl complexion in an older woman; and a renewed strength and vigor of youth in a man of 70. This is not in any manner a physiological nor biological rejuvenation, but mere physical changes wrought about by the normal continuous supply of hormones in the body.

**T**HE OTHER contents, *isorhemnatin* and *peonin*, of our royal honey can be useful

## ROYAL JELLY

**T**HE SECRET of eternal youth, sought after by scientists for centuries, is probably contained in the milky white substance—royal jelly—which enables a queen bee to lay her own weight in eggs every day, said E. A. Schnetler, a bee-keeper of Pretoria, South Africa.

The rejuvenating powers of royal jelly, he said, had been proved beyond question by scientists in many parts of the world. Some years ago ailing octogenarians in Greece had become fathers of strapping children after a course in royal jelly. In other countries hens "who had forgotten what an egg looked like" began cackling youthfully and laying as heavily as ever, after being given feed containing minute quantities of royal jelly. Insects fed on royal jelly had grown to twice their normal size. The lifespan of pigs and rats in other controlled experiments had been increased by 30 per cent.

Women whose lined and wrinkled faces told their own stories of advancing years, after a course on face cream which contained small quantities of royal jelly had regained clear skins and youthful complexions.—*News Item*.

in the human body in maintaining the feminine and manliness masculine characteristics. Although no quantitative estimates for these two hormones



have been made, it can be presumed that *isorhemnatin* is more than *peonin* in honey because the offspring of the queen consist mostly of female worker bees. The *hesperidin* combines with the vitamin C of the body in its actions towards the maintenance of the integrity of the blood vessel walls against breakage due to either infections as in rheumatic fever or non-infectious scurvy. Similarly, *rutin* can maintain the integrity of the very small blood vessels walls against breakage arising from high blood pressure or hypertension. As a matter of fact, today, *hesperidin* and *rutin* are the two drugs most commonly administered as adjuvants with some anti-hypertensive drugs. The irony of it all is that, we are importing these drugs when they are abundant in our wasted citrus peels.

Of the contents as equally important as the others, are the *tocopherols* and *sitosterols*. The *tocopherols* or vitamin E are very essential in the many physiological mechanisms of life. They are involved in the protection of the sexual hormones, thereby maintaining the virility of the individual even in old

age. They have something to do in the formation of blood and in the nourishment of the muscles. The *sitosterols* are something new in Philippine medicine, despite the fact that there are present found in many natural plant oils in this country. We are looking for many high-sounding anti-high-blood pressure drugs; and yet under our feet, we have the *sitosterols* lying idle, unexplored, and unused. This substance, according to recent findings abroad, is the best preventive against developing high blood pressure. When taken in by mouth, the *sitosterols* will prevent the absorption of *cholesterol* into the blood system of the individual. *Cholesterol* is the substance that is responsible for the hardening and thickening of the blood vessel walls into clinical types of high blood pressure.

Our native, field "royal honey" can become a "royal jelly" when consumed. Findings on three hormones, *isorhemnatin*, *peonin*, and *genestin* plus the *tocopherols* and *sitosterols* in our field royal honey have about bared the secret of the well-known African royal jelly. However, there is no telling what will be the fate of these hormones in the human body.

\* \* \*

*It is not the people who tell all they know that cause most of the trouble in this world, but those who tell MORE than they know.*

## Indonesia's Emerging Women



By Carolina Salvatierra

**A** FILIPINO woman, 500 years ago, would not have found any striking difference between herself and the Indonesian woman worth writing about. Ethnologists say that the Filipinos and the Indonesians are basically of the same racial stock, and that the greatest number of our ancestors were the Malays who came from Java, Sumatra and Borneo.

Then came the Europeans. The Dutch appropriated the fabled East Indies — now the Republic of Indonesia — and the Spaniards, the Philippines. Under the white colonial masters, the Filipinos and the Indonesians were shut out from each other. After many generations of living in a narrow

mother country-colony world, each forgot the close affinity which previously bound them.

At the time of the "discovery" the more civilized Filipinos were Moslems, as were the Indonesians. But because of the missionary zeal of the Spanish friars, they embraced the new religion with alacrity. On the other hand, the Dutch did not exert much effort in converting the Indonesians to Christianity, so that a great number of them remain Moslems to this day.

The Filipino's adoption of Christianity and the impact of a comparatively benevolent and enlightened American colonial policy gave rise to whatever difference between the Filipino and the Indonesian woman.

The Dutch interfered as little as possible with the way of life they found among the Indonesians. They skirted clear of the *adat* or the body of traditions of the people. So in spite of the hundreds of years under the Dutch, much of the people's indigenous culture has been preserved.

With the almost simultaneous attainment of independence of the two countries — Indonesia in 1945 and the Philippines in 1946 — the two peoples re-discovered each other. Like long lost relatives that they could be, each one found the other not very dissimilar from himself, in spite of a parting of ways that lasted for centuries.

**A**S A RESULT of this rediscovery of kinship, the heads of the young republics exchanged state visits, President Sukarno and his family visited the Philippines in 1951. The Filipino woman readily recognized her homogeneity with Madame Sukarno. Even her costume is reminiscent, if we but look back and around a bit. Her long-sleeved fitted blouse which is called the *kebaya* is the same as that worn by the Mora. The kain, her one-piece wrap-around skirt, could be a Visayan's *patadyong*, and the *selendang*, or sash wound around one shoulder down the hip, could again be a Mora's. The veil in Ma-

dame Soekarno's costume is optional; it merely adds elegance to attire. As a matter of fact, the Filipino woman was dressed in much the same way when the white men first laid eyes on her.

Mention of the modern Indonesian woman would be incomplete without saying something about Raden Adjeng Kartini. Kartini is her given name, and Raden Adjeng indicates her position in the old nobility. In spite of her noble birth Kartini had to stop all schooling at the age of twelve. This was as far as *adat* would allow her to go, for the Indonesian woman of her time was supposed to have no mind of her own. Kartini apparently acquiesced to tradition, but her stirred mind couldn't be cloistered. She poured out all her mental anguish at the injustice of *adat* on her countrywomen in letters she wrote to pen friends in Holland.

In 1904 she died at an early age of 25. Eight years later her letters were collected and published in book form which was touchingly titled "Through Darkness into Light." Because of this book, the Indonesians realized the gross bias which tradition imposed on their women. Soon after the book was out, the first girls' school was opened in 1912. In the same year was born the Putri Merdeka (Free Women), the first

women's organization in Indonesia. Women leaders rose to implement Kartini's ideas in more concrete form. Among them were Raden Dewi Sartika, who thru the women's organizations, carried a campaign for more schools and general betterment for women. They fought unceasingly to stamp out the evils of prostitution and polygamy. The noble mission of the Putri Merdeka founded in 1912 is now being carried on by the Perwari, Indonesia's foremost social welfare organization today.

**S**INCE its independence, women have occupied seats in the Parliament and the cabinet. There are many others in the professions. In 1921 the first woman lawyer was graduated. The following year Indonesia saw her first physicians. *Adat* had finally relaxed and today

there is no bar to what an Indonesian woman can hope to be.

This does not mean of course that the Indonesian women have turned career women all at once. Literacy is still very low — only one fifth of the entire population can read and write. The families live in *desas* or villages, for the country is mainly agricultural. Here the influences of *adat* which are by no means all wrong, are more perceptible.

The household, and in a larger sense, the community, operates on the *gotong royong*. A free translation of this term is "a sharing of all happiness and sorrow." Under this principle, the Indonesian wife is like her Filipino sister because she holds the purse strings of the family.

The Indonesian woman cooks food which are very similar to Filipino dishes. They have rice

### NOT NEWSWORTHY?

*When President Quirino returned the visit of President Soekarno, interest in Indonesia was revived. The crops of reporters who when with him wrote voluminous copy on the similarity of the two countries and their people, but they seemingly overlooked the distaff side. Is it because they found in her (the Indonesian woman) nothing essentially new, and therefore, not worth writing about. Besides, laws have been passed which greatly changed the eye-popping scenery, in Bali, especially.*

cakes which they call *puto* like we do, and *bingka* (bibingka.) Their rice sticks are also called *puto bungbung*. For amusements, the Indonesian woman plays *tjongklak* on a boat-shaped playing board. Over here we call the game *sungka* or *chongka*.

She goes to the village theatre for a showing *wayang* (puppet shows) or *djoged* (folk

dancing) to the tune of gamelan music. In accordance with *gotong royong*, she attends her neighbors' and friends' weddings. Birthday anniversaries are not celebrated. Instead the Indonesians splurge in one other event in their lives. The cutting of a baby's navel about a week after his birth is an occasion for a big celebration.—*Adapted from the Weekly Women's Magazine.*

\* \* \*

## Franklin On Spelling

During the 1956 celebration of the 250th anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth, it should be noted that Benjamin Franklin, versatile man of genius, was an astute student of the English language and an advocate of spelling reform. In 1768, he wrote "A Scheme for a New Alphabet and Reformed Mode of Spelling" and published it, unfinished, in 1779, in his *Political, Miscellaneous, and Philosophical Pieces*.

Noah Webster found Franklin's essay so stimulating that dedicated his "Dissertations on the English Language" to Franklin, an honor which the latter acknowledged in a letter to the lexicographer in 1789. In addition, many of Franklin's suggestions were followed in Noah Webster's own reforms in American spelling, which changed the British "goal" to American 'jail,' 'humour' to 'humor,' 'plough' to 'plow,' etc.

No science of phonetics had yet been developed, but the observant Franklin was able to analyze with considerable accuracy the basic principles involved. As a printer, he had observed the disorder and inconsistency of English spelling. He pointed out that letters in English did not match sounds. Therefore, since six letters were redundant, (c, j, q, w, x, and y), Franklin designed type for six substitute symbols to represent the sounds of "a as in ball, of *he* as in *think*, of *th* as *thy*, of *sh* as in *ship*, of *ng* in repeating, of *u* in unto."

In Franklin's spelling reform, each letter always represented the same sound. There would have been no "silent," or unnecessary, letters. He even reorganized the order of the letters in the alphabet into a novel arrangement based on the vocal organs involved in producing them.

—ABRAHAM TAUBER  
*Yeshiva University*

## Are You Word Wise?

Most of the twenty words given below should be in your reading vocabulary. That is, you should be able to recognize them, although you may not be able to define or actually use them in writing. Select the proper definition for each, then turn to page 82 for the correct answers. Fifteen is passing.

1. *inebriate*—(a) to shorten; (b) to make drunk; (c) to make unequal; (d) to become bankrupt.
2. *perfunctory*—(a) abbreviated; (b) unwanted; (c) matter-of-fact or mechanical; (d) deliberate.
3. *modicum*—(a) a small quantity; (b) rule or standard; (c) modified version; (d) privilege.
4. *traverse*—(a) move or travel; across; (b) deny emphatically; (c) surmount or overcome; (d) involve or entangle.
5. *satiated*—(a) to deplore; (b) to force open; (c) to derive pleasure from; (d) to satisfy to the full.
6. *unctuous*—(a) sacred; (b) made of lace; (c) insincerely suave or bland; (d) full of energy.
7. *emote*—(a) to reduce in size; (b) to emerge; (c) to make smooth; (d) to exhibit emotion.
8. *primer*—(a) book of elementary principles; (b) pioneer; (c) overseer or guardian; (d) original copy.
9. *munificent*—(a) regal in bearing; (b) economical; (c) lavish; (d) monstrous or huge.
10. *aplomb*—(a) carpenter's weight; (b) self-assurance; (c) deep and spacious; (d) tropical fruit.
11. *retinue*—(a) balance from taxes; (b) remaining quantity; (c) royal command; (d) train of attendants following a distinguished person.
12. *wean*—(a) to detach or alienate; (b) become tired; (c) resounding victory; (d) a mistake.
13. *encumber*—(a) to obstruct or burden; (b) to separate; (c) to arrive suddenly; (d) to enter forcibly.
14. *infuriate*—(a) to become red in the face; (b) to insult; (c) to make mad; (d) to push away.
15. *artifice*—(a) temporary situation; (b) trickery; (c) fake art; (d) showmanship.
16. *matinal*—(a) critical in quantity; (b) acute; (c) a declamation; (d) pertaining to morning.
17. *glum*—(a) not transparent; (b) sticky, like glue; (c) to look sullen or depressed; (d) a wise saying.
18. *nebulous*—(a) cloudy or hazy; (b) immense or vast; (c) drunk; (d) pertaining to business.
19. *tenure*—(a) groups of ten; (b) act of holding; (c) length; (d) uncertainty.
20. *ghoul*—(a) ugly and scarred; (b) ill-gotten wealth; (c) a grave robber; (d) deathly pale.

# TOYNBEE'S GREAT DESIGN

By 5047 A.D., the great historian predicts, East and West will have merged into a single civilization united by religion



THE INSTITUTE for Advanced Study in Princeton, where Einstein and Oppenheimer labored, has been the home too of Arnold Toynbee, who has already published nearly two million words of *A Study of History* begun in 1922. This monumental work treats 21 major civilizations, and compares their rise and fall in an attempt to read whatever visible meaning life may have.

Of the five civilizations still alive, only the Western is advancing and influencing the others—Far Eastern (Chinese-Japanese-Korean), Hindu, Islamic and Orthodox Christian (mostly Russian): these are losing their distinct characteristics.

Theoretically, civilizations could go on forever: but they grow or perish at a crucial time of challenge-and-response. Such is Toynbee's thesis. An example is the rise of Egypt when, in

By SIXTO D'ASIS

the post-glacial age, the fertile plains of North Africa became a desert. Some turned to nomadic lives as herdsmen on that desert; others followed the rains and wild game south—and still are primitive hunters. But a final group changed their old way of life, learned to dike and cultivate the Nile valley, and built a great civilization.

Usually, of course, challenges come not singly but in series. If a major wrong response is made, a "Time of Troubles" ensues, marking the breakdown of that civilization. This "Time of Trouble," after great conquest and pacification, usually leads to a "Universal State" such as Rome's Augustan dictatorship or the two Egyptian empires (which lasted 2,400 years). However long it lasts, the existence of such rule by

force is a symptom of disintegration. Great restless migrations take place along the more fluid borders. A new religion may be seized on, which may become the seedbed for the new arising civilization — as Western civilization grew from the Greeks and Romans through Christianity; and the Far Eastern civilization of China-Japan-Korea grew out of a Sinic civilization through the prospering of Buddhism.

The 21 major civilizations, according to Toynbee, are these:

*Egyptiac*: after its peak (2900 B.C.), day of the sphinx and pyramids, decline set in because pharaohs immortalized themselves instead of providing their subjects with a better livelihood.

*Sumeric*: when Hammurabi, the "law-giver," died in 1905 B.C., this civilization in the Tigris-Euphrates valley vanished.

*Hittite*: after only 150 years, these writers in 5 languages were overrun by wandering invaders.

*Babylonian*: lasted 700 years before Assyrians and Persians divided the land.

*Indic*: Buddha died during the Indic Time of Troubles (about 483 B.C.), but two Universal States in the luxuriant Ganges valley perished only with the death of Hellenic culture in 475 A.C.

*Hindu*: after the Huns seized northwest India before 800 A.D., the Hindu religion replaced Buddhism. It had survived two Universal States, the Moguls and the British.

*Minoan*: from the death of the Aegan Island sea civilization in 1400 B.C. (after 1500 years' existence) Greek civilization finally arose.

*Hellenic*: the combined Greek and Roman cultures began to decline with the Peloponnesian War, before the Roman Republic was even clearly established. The civilization had been born in the acceptance of agriculture as a way of life instead of the sea, at least while they built their city states as defense against northern highlanders. As they became overpopulated, the Greeks learned to specialize in international trade: its great Periclean age, the time of the Acropolis and of Socrates. But in a few years the cities sacked each other, instead of standing together against Sparta: the end had begun. Even Aristotle, Alexander the Great, and Archimedes could not save Greece. It was also trade competition which pitted Rome against Hannibal, then against Greece. At last Augustus in 31 B.C. formed his Universal State. Christianity, from the Syriac civilization, was ready when Constantine made it the Universal Church in 313. Although Rome was



sacked, by 496 A.D. when King Clavis of the Franks was baptized Western civilization was born.

**Western:** emerged in 700 A.D. out of Hellenism and grew with the Catholic Church; went beyond, later, through concepts of democracy, the individual and the scientific method.

**Orthodox Christian:** also post-Hellenic, the Byzantine empire flourished at the collapse of the Roman empire, but was destroyed by internal war in 1000 A.D.

**Russian Orthodox:** replaced Orthodox Christian but has been widely Westernized.

**Syriac:** before the death of Solomon, the Jews and Phoenicians had discovered the alphabet, the ocean and monotheism; but his death brought a Time of Troubles, and Persia with a Universal State.

**Arabic:** originally Syriac, later Arabian caliphs merged with Islamic civilization to form Is-

lam: Arabia, Iraq, Egypt, etc.

**Iranic:** growing, it conquered Syria and Egypt in 1517 A.D. and thus became merged with the Arabic.

**Sinic:** 1500 B.C., in the Yellow River basin, this civilization was born, and lasting a thousand years produced Confucius and the Great Wall which, however, was finally breached in 175 A.D.

**Far Eastern:** was born in China before 500 A.D., under the support of Kublai Khan's Mongols. The Mings developed great art, the Manchus universal peace.

**Far Eastern in Japan:** an offshoot that lasted until 1184; when Perry arrived, Japan was in decay. After the Meiji revolution in 1868, Japan was westernized.

**Andean:** To meet challenges, the dry-coast people brought water from the plateaus, and the plateau people protected their scant soil with retaining walls, in South America.

## STAGES OF CIVILIZATION

*Genesis (often because its ideology succeeds where that of a previous civilization has failed);*

*Challenge-and-response;*

*Inadequate or wrong response: Time of Troubles;*

*Universal State: imposed order, a stop-gap method,*

*Replacement by new ideology, new state concept or religion.*

*Mayan*: this old 1000 B.C. civilization mastered astronomy after meeting the jungle's challenge; but its corn economy finally collapsed.

*Yucatec*: Mayan refugees fled to the eighth century A.D. Yucatan Peninsula, and erected great monuments and buildings there, prospering despite the region's dryness. War between its cities delivered the society (in 1200) to the Mexic civilization.

*Mexic*: when the Yucatec was conquered, Central America was united under the Aztecs from 1200-1521. Spanish rule lasted until Mexican independence in 1821.

THESE WERE the major civilizations, though nearly all have ended now. Other civilizations remained minor because, ironically, their society met its challenge with such a magnificent gesture that it became fatigued and further progress was impossible. Examples given by Toynbee of such "arrested" civilizations are the Polynesians who, having crossed a thousand Pacific miles in open canoes, simply subsided; Spartans, who had to overcome foreign countries in order to eat, became such efficient warriors after 620 B.C. that they were good for nothing else; the Ottomans exhausted themselves ruling Asia Minor so that they had no energy left to withstand

the West. Similarly, Eskimos have adapted themselves to Arctic weather, so that they have food summer and winter, but cannot do more than survive; and nomads, who wander with their beasts through cycles of climate, following plant life, also survive—and nothing more.

There have also been civilizations which died an early death after being confronted by a stronger competitor. Far Western Christianity, for example, in Ireland was distinctive for centuries because it mixed Celtic magic with orthodox Christianity. But when Irish parishes sent missionaries out, competing with those from Rome, a king of Britain sided with Rome at the synod of Whitby (664). Ireland was never so sure of herself again, but withdrew.

Again, Far Eastern Europe became the home of the Nestorian heretics from the continent's borders. Because they lay along the trade routes to Asia, they prospered until Islam threatened them. In appeasing Mohammedanism, these Christians lost their identity. In the same way, Scandinavia was absorbed after the adoption of Christianity in 1000 A.D.

According to Toynbee, the major civilizations and cultures have often been propelled by leaders of giant intellect who, having withdrawn from society

awhile for contemplation, solve that society's problem and return to meet the society's challenge. In this way, they reproduce the creative effort of God Himself. Such was Moses who returned from the mountain with ten Commandments for his people; Caesar, who became a statesman in his 9 years away from Rome in Gaul; Buddha, who led millions into selflessness after 7 years of refuge from wealth; Dante, the exile from Florence who, returning, wrote the *Divine Comedy* and changed the Western world; Peter the Great who came back to Russia from west Europe and founded a modern state.

*Nations* can also follow this Withdrawal-and-Return pattern, as England did—ignoring Continental wars after the Spanish Armada's defeat and devoting itself instead to establishing representative government, to guide the whole Western world later.

The great design of human endeavor, as Toynbee sees it,

is a two-part rhythm: Challenge-and-Response, Withdrawal-and-Return: like the ancient dualities, the Chinese Yin and Yang, static-and-dynamic, negative-and-positive, dark-and-light, female-and-male principles. After subman first achieved humanity, he lived in a state of passive Yin; then about 10,000 years ago, he entered the active state, Yang, and civilization began. Each civilization repeats that two-part rhythm.

As Toynbee diagnoses the present Western civilization, he considers it in its Time of Troubles (ever since the 16th century religious wars), decaying because of the "schism of the soul," the devotion to self. Yet perhaps by 5047 A.D., East and West will finally have been assimilated so that a single civilization, united by religion, will envelop the world. More and more he believes that civilizations are religion-centered and, indeed, may exist chiefly to spread the knowledge of God to all men.

\* \* \*

### *He Found It*

"Can you imagine, my dear," chortled the gossip. "Just as the bride was coming down the aisle to the altar, he turned and ran out and left town."

"Lost his nerve?"

"No—found it."

\*

## They Remember Tomas Claudio



By PAT AMANO

**A**LTHOUGH the Philippines was not actively engaged in the first world war, a number of Filipinos fought and died in that great conflict. Among the brown boys who donned the uniform of the American army, one is still revered by Filipinos and Americans alike. That name belonged to the first Filipino volunteer killed in action in World War I. The name is honored in the *Nevada Golden Stars*, a memorial volume for the parents of those who died during the first big war. In the Philippines the same of Tomas Claudio is ranked among the country's heroes.

Claudio was born May 7, 1892 in Morong, Rizal. Foot loose and rather wild, Claudio spent a childhood whose memories his surviving playmates

still fondly remember: "He had an adventurous spirit, always on the go. He was full of mischief, played pranks, gambled and not infrequently got into fights with the boys from the neighboring towns. But for all his trouble some activities, the town loved him as it would a spoiled son. Tomas was more than a naughty lad. He excelled in games and contests and was mentally alert."

The eldest of four children born to Gregorio Claudio and Pelagio Mateo, Tomas showed an early wild streak which caused his parents and teachers no small amount of inconvenience. He flaunted paternal authority and took his studies lightly. He skipped classes as often as some personal interests claimed his attention. In and outside the classroom,

he was a problem, but his teachers were constrained to treat him with tolerance, for despite his faults, Tomas displayed traits of leaderships and simply required encouragement in his studies to pass his subjects. He was, on the side, a public speaker and an intelligent debater. And he had a way with the girls.

**7**HE FIRST time he ran away from town was when his grandfather gave him a lashing for being careless with the later's expensive hat which Tomas wore to the fiesta at Pililla. He found work in a railroad station at Taytay, a town near Pasig. After a while, having saved a few pesos, he proceeded to Manila to try his luck. Knowing no place to go, Claudio slept in public places, roaming the streets during the daytime and hunting for work. Hunger and cold drove him back to the old hometown. He got a severe scolding from his angry parents who didn't seem to appreciate Claudio's playing the role of the prodigal son. Pressed to give his word that he would not run away from home again, he blurted out, "I will not stop until I see the very gates of heaven!" His parents finally let him have his way.

Because of his father's death and the family's declining fortunes, Claudio left the South

Manila High School (now Araullo High) after his first year. He found a job in the Bureau of Prisons at the old Bilibid on Azcaraga as a guard. His fellowguards admired his proficiency with rifle and pistol but on several occasions he was caught sleeping while on duty. The bureau finally fired him.

In 1911 he sailed for Hawaii without bidding goodbye to his friends in Morong. He was only 17 years old then. Upon landing in Hawaii, he found a job in a sugar plantation. A year or so later, having earned enough money to pay for his boat fare to the mainland, Claudio went to Alaska. There he worked in a canning factory. Fed up with fish and Alaskan weather, Claudio next moved into the state of Nevada where he became a clerk in the Reno post office and later an employe of the Southern Pacific Shops at Sparks in the same state. While working he enrolled at the Clark Healds Business College where he finished business administration.

When the United States went to war in 1917, Claudio was among the first Filipinos to volunteer to fight in Europe. However he had trouble joining the army which did not take in Filipinos. The Philippines had offered to send a force of volunteers to the front but this was turned down by the U.S. gov-

ernment. It wasn't until after a lot of persistence that Claudio was drafted. He served under several companies but when his contingent was shipped overseas Claudio was a member of Company "K" in the 164 Inf., 41st Division.

He was 24 years old when he saw action in France. He had been wounded and was convalescing in a hospital when the Battle of Meuse Argonne began to mount in fury. He went back to the front lines and was killed June 29, 1918 when his unit was ordered to go over to the top.

His remains were brought back to the United States from France and from thence to his native Philippines where he was given a hero's burial at the Cementerio del Norte.

A statue of the hero now stands in front of a Morong school named after him. The town's main street was also renamed after their gallant son.

### Stubborn Tomas

*Adela Claudio, recalling her brother's boyhood: "When he was a mere lad, my brother Tomas was stubborn and difficult to discipline. He enjoyed fighting and went after big snakes. He made friends as easily as he made enemies. The boys in town looked up to him as their leader."*

As a tribute to his name, an American general, John Pershing, in a commentary to the memorial volume, *Nevada Golden Stars*, wrote:

"His (Claudio's) name will remain fresh in the hearts of his friends and comrades. The record of his honorable service will be preserved in the archives of the American Expeditionary Force."

\* \* \*

### *The People in Front*

*As a beauty I am not a star,  
There are others more handsome by far;  
But my face—I don't mind it,  
For I am behind it;  
It's the people in front that I jar.*

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**I** FIRST BECAME interested in the study of communism when I was nineteen. To a certain extent, I was then almost convinced that the communists were not as bad as they were described. And when the United States and the Russians found themselves allied against Hitler and Hirohito during the last war, my sympathy for the communist cause even grew.

But now, as I reflect on those few years in my life, I remember what a learned modern philosopher said about the influence of communism upon most men. He said that "If man has no sympathy at all for the communist cause when he is very young, then it means that he has no heart; but then, if that sympathy persists after he has reached the age of twenty-five, then it simply means that he has no head."

For the truth is that the poverty of the great masses of the world, especially in Asia and in Africa, is something that must arouse anyone who loves mankind into some kind of action that will rescue them from their misery, and yet it must be admitted that the terror, the violence, the barbarism, the tyranny, and the disregard for human life and ideals that must accompany a communistic upheaval are certainly too dear a price to pay even for such a lofty goal. And it is in this res-

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## WHY THEY TURNED COMMUNIST

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Is it the attraction of the communist promise or the desperation in the shortcomings of our own system? Is it a lack of belief in God? Chairman of the Committee on Anti-Filipino Activity reveals his views from actual contact with some of the top local Reds in captivity.

By *JOAQUIN R. ROCES*

pect, that we must condemn communism. Mankind must be rescued from its misery, but in doing so, we must take care not to destroy man's soul, for it is the soul of man that really makes him respectable and worth saving, after all.

Love will save the world, but not hate. And if the different

classes in the world must be done away with, we must bring those classes together by creating common interests, but we must never seek to destroy any one class for the sake of the other.

Shortly after the end of the last special session of Congress, the Committee on Anti-Filipino Activities began an exhaustive study of the extent of the communist threat to the Philippines. The members of the CAFA — as this committee is popularly known — considered this study necessary when a clear difference of opinion between the executive and the legislative branches of the government became apparent after congress rejected a proposed rebellion bill certified to us urgent by the chief executive. This bill was sent to Congress two days before the close of the last special session.

This proposed law ought to make rebellion a capital offense, and in order to push through its passage, the executive advanced two reasons. First was the executive's alarm at the implications of a Supreme Court decision rejecting the theory of the complex crime of rebellion thereby granting bail to Amado Hernandez, an alleged member of the Red Politburo, who had been convicted by the lower court and whose case was on appeal. Second was the report-

ed shift in communist strategy from the military to the legal, or parliamentary, struggle, which made the fight against communism — according to army authorities — even more difficult.

**T**HE MEMBERS of Congress, on the other hand, particularly Speaker Jose B. Laurel, Jr., objected to the passage of such an important measure on two grounds. Technically, he refused to place on the floor such an important measure during the last twenty-four hours of session, claiming that such a bill could neither be properly studied nor discussed during such a short time, with so many other important legislative measure pending. And on principle, Congress felt that, since the Administration had always been claiming credit for having routed the communists and putting them on the run, the threat of communism could not be as serious as all that.

It became apparent, then, that the executive and the legislative did not see eye to eye on the extent of the Communist threat to the Philippines, and that, even if they did, it was plain that while the executive believed new legislation was necessary, the legislative at that time did not think so.

The CAFA then undertook to make an objective study on the real extent of the commu-



nist threat, purely for legislative fact-finding purposes. Although the studies made by the committee were many-phased, I have chosen for this article a singular aspect of our studies, which I believe is most pertinent in the light of the communist shift in strategy from the military to the legal parliamentary struggle. For if the real threat of communism today comes in the form of subversion, then I should think that it is this particular aspect of our studies that the public should be most informed about.

To further this specific study, the members of the committee sought the answer to what it considered a vital question. We had, to a certain degree, found out who were the communists in this country. We knew, more or less, who their top leaders were and we knew how many had followed them. We had on record the communist strength from the time it began to grow in 1945 to its highest peak in 1950, when our studies revealed that they suffered a rapid decline which began in 1951 up to the present.

Yet there was one question that remained unanswered in our search for a solution to the communist problem. That question was this: What made some Filipinos embrace an ideology that was foreign to their political training and

alien to their Christian culture? Now that we know "who" was a communist, we wanted to know "why" was he a communist.

In the answer to this question, we hoped to find, ultimately, the solution to the Red threat of subversion. For we thought, then, as we do now, that the best way of fighting communism in a free and democratic country would be to remove those evils in our system that make men lose faith in our government and in our ideals, blinding them at the same time and making them seek their salvation or redemption in the establishment of a new world order and in the ideology that promises to bring it about.

For one thing, we had found out that the communist, the real indoctrinated communists in the country who follow the party line strictly, were relatively but a handful. Army figures, corroborated by the NBI and NICA records, and further corroborated by the testimonies of Luis Taruc and Jose Lava, proved that although the real communists were but a handful, they had a tremendous source of following in the disgruntled elements throughout the country made up of three different groups. These are those who were suffering from extreme poverty; those who had been victims of injustice or

abuse on the part of powerful private or official quarters; and and lastly, those who had lost faith in our democratic processes.

AND SO members of the committee made a trip to Fort McKinley stockade to interrogate Jose Lava, alleged Politburo member whose case is pending in the Supreme Court, after which CAFA members went to Muntinglupa Prison to interrogate Angel Baking.

The committee was interested in Baking because he was the highest government official in the executive department alleged to have been a member of the Politburo, while the Committee sought to interrogate Jose Lava who, though a private citizen, was a member of the bar who came from a substantial family.

But it is what these two have in common that interested the Committee most. For in the extensive studies that we have been making, we have readily understood what it is that makes poor men who have known nothing in the past but poverty, whose lot in the present is ignominy, and who see nothing in the future but misery, become communist leaders themselves in desperation, or otherwise follow communist leaders who are experts in exploiting the plight of those

such as them. Just as it requires but little imagination to see why victims of injustices on the part of the government or the military should find in the communist ideology or in the movement their vehicle of vengeance or vindication. Such are the cases of Luis Taruc and Linda Bie, and the thousands who followed them in the mountains.

But here was the different case of Jose Lava and Angel Baking, both of whom are capable of assuming important roles and progressing for their own selves under a system. Yet these men, too, had become communists in order to lead—not so much themselves as others, to their promised new order.

Angel Baking, for one, was a Foreign Affairs Officer, Class IV, at the time of his arrest in November, 1950. He had been admitted into the department in September, 1949, where he started out as a technical assistant. Ten months later, he was promoted to the position he held at the time of his arrest. He once represented the government in a free barter transaction in Siam, and he was administrative officer of the Baguio Conference in 1950.

Now Baking denied he was a communist when he entered the Department of Foreign Affairs, although he later admitted, by implication, that he

## *The Philippines Objects*

The Philippines and other western powers lined up solidly against a Soviet package deal to bring into the United Nations the Communist States of Korea and Vietnam.

Their opposition was voiced in the general assembly's special political committee, which has before it a 13-nation western proposal to admit the Republics of Korea and Vietnam to the U.N. A Soviet proposal to admit them along with North Korea and North Vietnam, and an Indian-Syrian draft resolution that would merely ask the security council to reconsider all membership applications.—*News item.*

was already well versed in both communist theory and practice much before that. But the point is this: What made him believe in communism? Are his beliefs unshakable? What can we do to safeguard ourselves against believers in communism who may hold important positions in our government? How serious is this threat of subversion from such as these?

The Committee on Anti-Filipino Activities, at the present time, is still seeking the an-

swers to these question, but it feels at the same time that there are certain facts about such cases that the people must know now, and from which they may draw some conclusions. In due time, the committee shall have completed its report and perhaps some of these questions may be completely answered.

**I**N THE secret files of the army intelligence which were opened to the members of the CAFA for the first time; in the life histories of known communist leaders as are recorded in the NICA and the NBI; in the private and secret testimonies before the CAFA of those, who, at one time or another, had become communists, or had closely fraternized with them; in the statements made to the CAFA by imprisoned Huk leaders after being held incommunicado for six long years — somewhere, the answers to the questions asked above may be found.

But to give the people an idea of the questions asked and the kind of answers we obtained, with the Committee's permission, we are reproducing excerpts here from the stenographic records of our interrogation of Angel Baking. The CAFA members present then were the chairman, Congressman I. Kintanar, and Congressman Floro Crisologo.

**Question:** What could possibly make a gentleman like yourself embrace a doctrine that is so contrary to our own democratic belief?

**Answer:** I think that this is a very difficult question, as to what makes a person communist, or even what makes him sympathetic to communism, for the very simple reason that there are many motivations for an individual to think and act, to do this and not to do that. To be frank, I do not think I can give you a definite answer as to why I am sympathetic to communism. I could tell you, for instance, that it is because I believe that from the economic point of view, at this stage of our development, it is the only thing that can help in elevating the standard of living of our people. I could tell you that, but I do not believe and I do not think it is a sufficient answer.

**Question:** Are you interested principally in communism, as a cause to fight for, as a doctrine, or as a means of eliminating poverty?

**Answer:** As a means of eliminating poverty.

**Question:** Suppose there was an administration or government that could eliminate poverty without necessarily adopting the communist precepts and practices, would you, therefore, forego your belief in the communist doctrine?

**Answer:** It is my belief, Mr. Chairman, that any group or organization that sincerely attempts and acts to solve the problem of poverty deserves all the aid and assistance of all those who believe in solving that problem. It is my belief, however, that any group that seeks to do that will, in many instances, have to do the very things that the communists plan to do. For example, if we want to solve the problem of poverty, necessarily we will have to introduce agrarian reforms; we will have to industrialize the country; we will have to re-channel the directions of our trade. Now when we do these things, whether we are communists or non-communists, we will be working towards the elimination of poverty in our country and doing things that the communists believe in. But I myself do not think the label is more important than the substance of the thing.

**Question:** Well, you mentioned, for instance, industrialization, redirection of our trade, and agrarian reforms. It seems to me those are the three main things the communists would be principally concerned with in the fight against the elimination of poverty. Don't you think these can be achieved by a good democratic administration without the need of using violence or force?

*Answer:* They can be achieved provided there is the will and the sincerity to solve the problem. But probably, since you are more experienced than I, I think you realize more than I do the difficulties of effecting these things within the normal processes of the kind of government we have in our country.

*Question:* What might have influenced you to embrace the communist doctrine?

*Answer:* It is probably difficult to isolate each and every major incident in one's life that will make him say the exact means by which he arrives at a certain belief or objective.

*Question:* Was it due to the books you read?

*Answer:* I think the books I read helped a great deal.

*Question:* How about the prevailing conditions in our government wherein graft and corruption and terrorism were rampant, did they contribute?

*Answer:* I think that is a generally accepted fact. You see, shortly after the elections of 1949, those conditions helped a great deal in making the people swing to the other (communist) camp.

*Question:* In trying to work for the attainment of a certain objective, do you believe, as some people do, at least the communists, that if it becomes necessary they may even use

force and violence so that their objectives could be attained?

*Answer:* My understanding of the theory is something like this. Basically, it is within the framework of the peaceful, parliamentary, legal processes, constitutional processes, you see, that even the communists would like to achieve their objectives, but I think you will agree with me when I say that there are certain specific situations where even non-communists, for example, are forced to resort to measures outside the framework of the constitutional procedures that are normally practiced in a country. It is not a question, you see, of believing; it is a question of a given situation forcing you to act outside of your own beliefs. It is no longer within your own initiative to act otherwise.

*Question:* Do you classify armed rebellion within the category of meeting a specific situation?

*Answer:* Frankly, you see, I think there might be a real situation in our country at a certain stage where it was forced upon a communist in order to survive.

*Question:* Do you believe those peaceful means are possible under the Magsaysay administration?

*Answer:* You know I have been in jail for six years now. I think that you will understand that when you have been

in jail for six years, you cannot know much about the pulse of the people outside. I really don't know.

*Question:* But you must have heard about the land reforms initiated by this administration, the laws passed by Congress on rural uplift which I think are a direct response to the complaints of the poor people in Central Luzon. You must have heard of these?

*Answer:* Yes, I think if they are properly implemented there is no reason why we should not get nearer our goal.

*Question:* Did you believe in communism when you joined the Department of Foreign Affairs?

*Answer:* What do you mean, 'believe?' If you mean that I had read about communism, I had.

*Question:* Now, were you already working the Department of Foreign Affairs when you became more convinced about communism?

*Answer:* Yes.

*Question:* What were those influences which advanced your Communist beliefs? Just name a few.

*Answer:* I cannot cite to you probably three or four specific books, because in my own experience it was a very long process which started with the books of our own Jose Rizal. The kind of point of view that developed in me started from

those things — when you remember the history of your country depicting its own problems, and after that, the books of Marx, especially the *Philosophy of Poverty*, in collaboration with Engels.

*Question:* If you don't mind, do you believe in God, or are you an atheist?

*Answer:* I would probably classify myself as a free thinker.

*Question:* Do you believe that agnosticism helped you to be sympathetic with the communists? Did it or did it not have any influence in your communist beliefs?

*Answer:* I do not think that it has much to do.

*Question:* Do you impose your communist beliefs on others?

*Answer:* I cannot impose what I think or believe on others. As a matter of fact, my children are studying at Assumption College.

*Question:* I heard—it may be a coincidence—but I understand that the real leaders of communism are agnostics or atheists. I would like to know whether they believe in agnosticism as having a certain influence in their sympathy with the communist movement. In other words, do people become communists because they are agnostics, or are they agnostics

because they are communists?

*Answer:* I do not think it could be very definite for all. There are certain persons who, during their initial stages, for example, as members of the Communist Party, still believe in God.

The CAFA asked thousands of questiones like the above from convicted Communists in prison from the top level to the bottom rank, from surrendered communists resettled in government farms and from ex-communists. In its search for the truth it sought to add to what it had learned by looking into the secret army files. And it will continue to ask more questions, to look for more facts, until it finally submits a report on the overall communist situation and presents the people with the most revealing facts.

The particular question we brought up here still awaits a complete answer. What makes a man who has a high level of education and who has suffered no persecution or personal abuse on his own person embrace a doctrine so violent it is alien to our political training and foreign to our Christian culture? Is it a lack of belief in our own system? Is it the attraction of the communist promise or the desperation in the shortcomings of our own system? Is it a lack of belief in God?

The committee expects to make known to the public more about the facts it has gathered, even as it prepares its final report. But for the present, it will limit its foundation to that which is pertinent to this phase of study—the search for the why and the wherefore.

\* \* \*

## *Cult of Stone*

The remains of Stonehenge in Britain, familiar to most people, curiously utilize a dovetailing principle apparently derivative from Greece. But the erection of great stones for religious purposes extends from China to Ireland, and is still practiced by Indian hill-tribes. The *menhirs* of Exmoor, the *megaliths* of Brittany are arranged in a manner almost identical with those of the Khasis and Nagas of Assam, in Asia. Furthermore, etymologists have shown a relation between the name of Apollo (sun god, worshipped by these stone erections) and both the Greek word for stone (*peila*) and the German (*fels*.)

\*

## Russian Game Of Words

**W**ATCHING the statements of the communist party leaders with the facts reveals some startling discrepancies.

During their tour of South Asia, Soviet Party Boss Nikita S. Khrushchev and Premier Nikolai A. Bulganin practiced a game of word hypocrisy which fools nobody who looks at the record.

In Bombay, Khrushchev said the Soviets were seeking a ban on atomic weapons. A few days later in an about-face at Bangalore, he announced that the USSR had succeeded in an "unprecedented" nuclear experiment. The Soviet News Agency TASS carried a story on the explosion of a hydrogen bomb.

Khrushchev, before audiences in Bombay and Rangoon, accused Great Britain and the United States of starting the Second World War and sending "troops of Hitlerite Germany against Russia." The fact that the Molotov-Ribbentrop treaty of August 23, 1939, freed Hitler from the threat of a second front on the east was not mentioned; nor that on the same date Stalin and Hitler agreed on the dismemberment of Poland. He did not remind his audience of Molotov's message to Hitler on the fall of France, conveying "warmest congratulations on the splendid success of the German armed forces."

At India's most important monument, Raj Ghat, where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated, the Soviet leaders removed shoes and placed a huge floral wreath at the shrine. Their acclaim of the beloved Indian disciple, including praise for him as a "great revolutionary leader," was indeed different from written evidence found in Soviet publications. The 1952 edition of the large Soviet Encyclopedia calls Gandhi a reactionary who "pretended in a demagogic way" to lead the Indian independence movement. Gandhi, according to the encyclopedia, "betrayed the people and helped the imperialists." — *Free World*.



*He respects the human body*



## Ballet By Balanchine

**a.** H. HAGGIN compares George Balanchine to Mozart because in his ballets, "as in Mozart's concertos, the mind, the language and style, the formula are always the same, but the completed forms are constantly new." Such experiences of delight and excitement have a sure foundation in the familiarity of the forms which these artists use, and for that reason the forms themselves do not command the attention. They rather locate the experience and put a frame around it, and

By **ROBERT GARIS**

they give us who watch or listen a feeling of ordered and accustomed living out of which the active imagination of the artist can emerge and flower with a clean outline and clear colors. Intelligent people have always enjoyed being asked to accept the conventions of an art as long as the artist is able to make newly beautiful and moving things in those conventions.

Balanchine's art is genuinely

classic. His ballets are regularly built around the classic *pas de deux Adagio* of ballerina supported by male dancer. In the practice of his art, the tyranny of classical limits is an aid to the "healthy" imagination, a mold which imposes only the frame with severity, while setting free all the separate moments of the composition for invention.

Another mirror miracle of Balanchine's artistic adjustment is the variety of his work. Again he brings Mozart to mind: the concertos from those of the Figaro year to the golden after-radiance of the last one, for clarinet, made only minor variations in the basic form, yet K.488 and K.491 are as different in total effect as any two works can be. Balanchine's genius, like Mozart's, is astonishingly rich and various. The individual flavors of *Danses Concertantes*, *Concerto Barocco*, and *Mozartiana* are more striking because the forms of all are so similar.

Those who respond to these ballets think of their maker as a kind of wonderful institution, like Toscanini or Picasso. *The Fairy's Kiss*, *Apollo*, and *Cottillon* all bear his "handprint." Our artists no longer grow old gracefully, and they seldom mature. Balanchine's work has deepened and expanded while preserving its idiom through the years. Critical incompetence

in the newspapers will sniff at his new work because it will be "the same old thing, unpretentious, neither psychological nor AMERICAN." Yet it will be beautiful and exciting in itself, and Balanchine's development is wonderful to watch and enjoy.

GENUINELY happy art evades no responsibilities. Around escapist art lurk the ghosts of murdered realities; around Balanchine's breathes the real creative spirit. One of his most beautiful ballets, *Apollo*, is a fable of the birth of that spirit.

*The Fairy's Kiss* is a fairy tale ballet in four scenes, to music by Stravinsky, whose superb dramatic touches delighted us in *Pertouchka* (the puppet who came to life). A mother, carrying her child, is overwhelmed by winds and snow which bear her away, leaving the child behind. The Fairy enters, sees and kisses the child, but she too leaves it lying on the ground where peasants find it. Later the child has grown up into a young man about to be married. When he is left alone suddenly, in the midst of dancing and celebration, the fairy disguised as a gypsy comes to claim him. The bridegroom and bride dance a love duet; but the Fairy captures the bridegroom and takes him away to her eternal spaces.



When the music of the wedding celebration dies away hesitatingly, the bridegroom becomes pensive; with the entrance of the gypsy the mysterious sadness becomes sinister. One feels that the happy village band is no longer playing, anywhere, in this world. The strange, airless passion erupts into a fierce dance of seduction. The Fairy, for her second dance with the young man, appears heavily veiled as a bride, a sinister commentary on the tenderness and innocent play of the young man and his true bride in the mill.

*Concerto Barocco* is a grand instance of Balanchine's abstract ballets. There is no story, no dramatic emotion even, in it. What emotions and meanings it holds are the effects, simply, of one movement's fol-

lowing another. The curtain is raised, before the music begins, to show eight girls, dressed in practice tights, arranged in two rows parallel to the sides of the stage. These are the modest resources that Balanchine has to work with.

In classic art it is most difficult to locate in any element the warm humanity that often makes itself deeply felt. Where, in a Haydn Allegro, the warm and personal life of the music adds itself to the intellectual structure of themes and development, is a mystery. How can the last movement of the *Oxford Symphony* win its grandeur from the slightness of its themes? The same questions arise about the classic ballet.

Balanchine respects the human body: he gives it movements which lie within its powers instead, like the the Romantic Ballet, of making his poetry out of an ideal straining after impossibilities. Certainly in *Concerto Barocco*, with solid-colored backdrop and the gym-suit costumes revealing the line of bare arms and legs so clearly, the eight girls and three soloists dance what seem to be natural developments of ordinary actions of living. They are idealized into an art form, but these actions are still recognizable as our own. With this close connection to life, the art can erect its own private laws: the conviction of the beauty and

meaningfulness of the physical actions of living and, symbolically, of living itself.

*Concerto Barocco* is danced to Bach's Double Violin Concerto. The relation of Balanchine's choreography to his music is that of another line of counterpoint. It imitates the movement of the music, translating Bach's concerto form—the balance of two unequal forces—directly into a stage pat-

tern. The two girl soloists in the first movement correspond obviously to the solo violins.

The music is one of the frames into which Balanchine fits his dances; the stage is the other. He accepts the responsibility to fill all the space not with bodies but with the forces of bodies in motion. The space is alive with the impetus from each dancer which seems to be the cause of the movement of each other dancer.



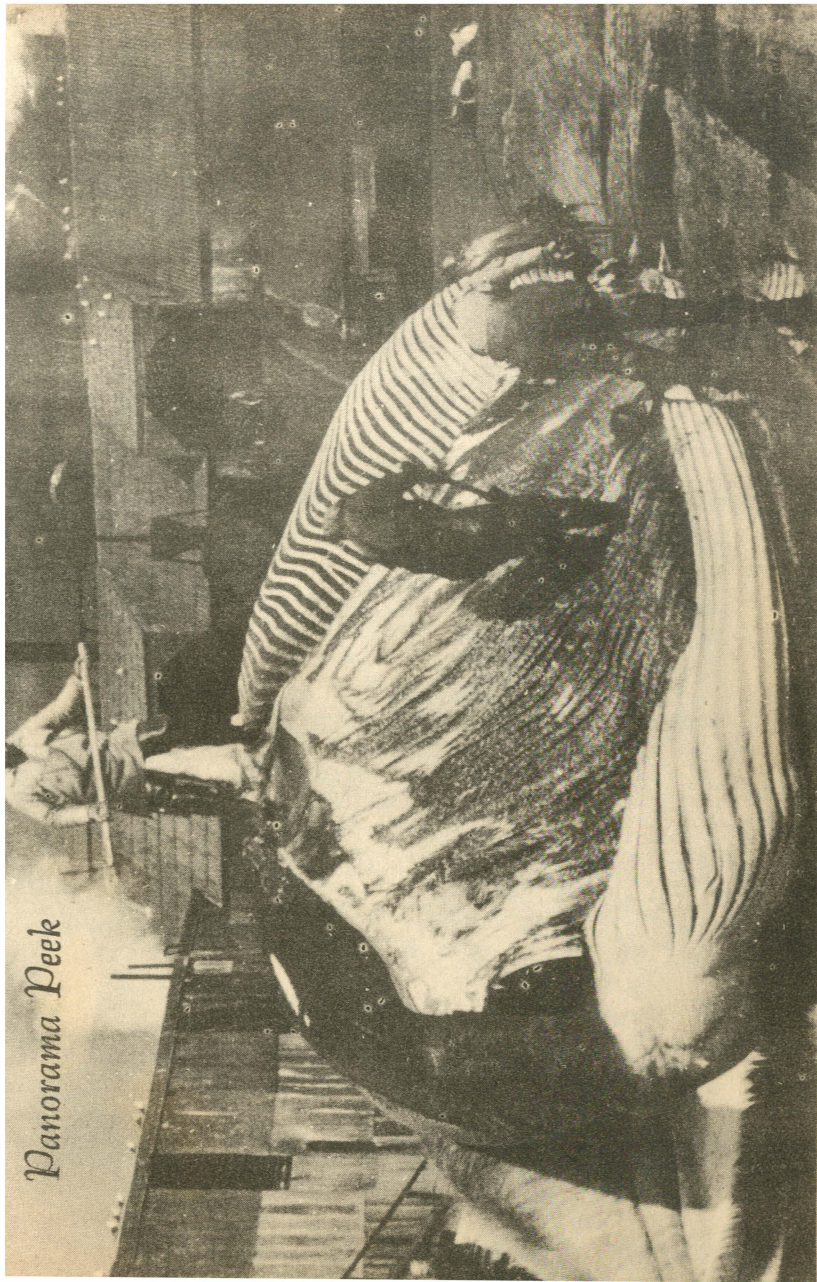
## Ballet Extravagansa

"I once heard George Antheil's *Ballet Mechanique* produced in Carnegie Hall. I forget the entire instrumentation of this work, but I do recall that the score, among other things, called for ten grand pianos, one player-piano, six xylophones, four bass drums, a couple of automobile klaxons, fire-alarm siren, and an airplane propeller—from which you can form a rough idea of how it sounded.

The piece began before a silent and attentive audience. After five minutes of it, a few began to fidget; after six minutes a few more began to cough; after seven, a few more began to giggle. At the eight minute precisely, a man in the third row raised his cane, to which he had tied his handkerchief. And at the sight of that white flag the entire house, simultaneously, gave up trying not to laugh."—*Deems Taylor*.

\* \* \*

*Panorama Peek*



*THE PAJAMA STRIPES belong to a whale, here being cut up*

# THE TREASURE



by ro ny v. diaz

EVERY SUMMER, as soon as school was out, we spent a week in the province. Our grandmother had an old house there, Spanish in mien, which was for us an annual source of fascination and which later on became quite involved in our mind with a sense of escape. This was truly curious because our regimen during these vacations was far from exciting. No sooner had we alighted from the calesa, the same calesa that unfailingly brought us every year from the train station to that house from where the road curved to more distant stretches, than we felt that we had entered a static world, monotonous, predictable as a pageant, singularly colorless. And yet the anticipated gestures that were expected of us never bored. In fact, as soon as we had arrived we more or less unthinkingly slipped into our appointed roles to re-enact a summer play. Probably we, the children, recognized intuitively that to give vent to our animal spirits here would violate a revered source of order and stability.

Undoubtedly, it is impertinent of me to try to tell this story in this way. To generalize about feeling and behavior, even of children, is patently unfair. But I feel disposed to this manner because of an event that hurled me centripetally, as it were, from the scene. From that momentary distance, I was a spectator.

This story began one day in May, 1939. We had arrived from the city, and our grandmother was waiting for us at the top of the stairs that ascended with heavy, ornate banisters. I remember that the middle of the steps was worn out.

One by one, we took the outstretched hand of our grandmother to kiss. Then, we marched to our rooms, already made ready by our grandmother's troop of servants. There, we took off our dusty clothes, dropped them into wicker laundry baskets, repaired to the greening copper sinks to scrub our face, neck, and arms clean for lunch.

Lunch was served in the huge dining room decorated with strips of heavily starched

lace. Lined against the wall were massive narra cabinets that were packed full with old china and small porcelain figurines. Our grandmother would then proceed to say grace in Spanish which we knew had ended when she pinched her napkin. While eating, she would inquire into our health and remark at the rate of our growth. After this, our parents would differently venture information on our grades, which my father would try to translate for her in the terms of the old Spanish grading system. Those who were sobresaliente could expect five to ten pesos at the end of the week. After lunch, we were released into the yard.

I SHALL dwell quite lengthily on this yard because it is the source of my story. The yard was quite forbidding. It was enclosed on three sides by a high stone wall guarded on top by iron spikes. Gnarled, old trees, which we were never able to identify because they had never given issue to any fruit, grew without any apparent order in this yard. The stubborn life of trees inspired us with an unnamed dread, and even when we played hide-and-seek we never ventured into the recesses of the yard, always careful to be in full view of the other children. Once, my cousin Enteng, in a moment of over-confidence, ventured out of the ar-

bitrary area only to return screaming, pale with fear because, he said, he heard the clink of chains. That is it, the chains.

Every evening, our grandmother enthroned herself in an old rocking chair beside a massive, scarred narra table. We would gather around her to hear her stories. Swaying as regularly as a pendulum, she would tell story after story. She told them in a strangely firm and authoritative voice. The quality of her voice had remained in my memory, so that recently, in a court of law, where I was appearing as witness, soon after my grandmother's death, when I heard the voice of the judge ring with the same quality, I momentarily panicked with fright. It was as though my dead grandmother had stroked me on my neck. She always ended this session with a story about our grandfather. She always began with a kind of prologue which she recited without any variation, like a prayer.

"This will explain the death of your grandfather. Your grandfather was a young man; he did not have to die. It was because he was the keeper of the treasure that he died." She would then pause and look at us with benign eyes, as if she had just given us her blessing. Then she would continue: "It was the time of the insurrec-



tion. Your grandfather was a captain. They used to hold meetings in this house. One night, some men came to this house. They were shouting. They pounded on our door, Your grandfather opened the door and admitted three men. They had bags with them. On this very table they set the bags down and showed to your grandfather their contents. They were filled with gold and pieces of jewelry. The men wanted your grandfather to hide the treasure for them. Your grandfather took a water jar from the kitchen and began to pour the treasure in. Then another man came. He told

your grandfather that the Spaniards were coming. Your grandfather asked me to get a spade, and together we brought the jar filled with the treasure to the yard. Your grandfather dug a hole. He was a strong man, and in several minutes he had a hole three feet deep for the treasure. We filled in the hole and went back to the house. The Spaniards arrived before your grandfather and the men had time to escape. They shot your grandfather, several days later, in the *carcel*."

This story never failed to arouse our enthusiasm. Always, as in a pageant, the questions were the same. "Did grandfather reveal the hiding-place to the Spaniards?" "No, he did not. He paid with his life." Yearly, my question was the same: "Then, *Lola*," I would ask, "you know where the treasure is buried." Her answer would be the same: "Yes, but that hoard has caused the death of your grandfather and it is better that we leave it where it is. Besides, the spirit of your grandfather guards the treasure. He has a long chain which he swings, at anybody who steps on the place where the treasure is buried."

All the children accepted this story for what it was. Not one of them even attempted to look for this treasure. No one, but I.

Perhaps, at this point of the



narrative, it would serve the spirit of clarity, if I went back to an earlier event. I had done quite poorly in school that year, and I looked none too happily on the fact that nearly all of my cousins had made good marks in the same school. They expected the ten-peso guerdon from our grandmother. My cousins made me feel like a Mongoloid. I tried to ward off their stabs with as much dignity as I could muster. But I felt like an outcast, and I set my mind on doing something so spectacular that it would shame all of them.

IN BED, I felt hot with anticipation. I would look for that treasure. I got up from bed and approached Enteng. I shook him awake.

"Enteng," I said, "Where did you hear that chain?"

He broke forth with a muffled shriek of fear and pulled the blanket over his head.

I tore off the blanket and confronted him once more. "Where?" I demanded.

He look around and then he pulled my face down to his. "Near the left wall, there is a tree with white spots and a large ugly root. That is where it is." I remember that his eyes showed the extreme of anxiety.

I was not yet through with him. "What did you hear? Tell me exactly. How did it sound? How did you know it was a

chain?" Urgency was in my voice.

"It—it rattled. That's how I know."

I gave him the blanket and left.

The next morning, after breakfast, I went to the woodshed to look for a shovel. I found one, old and rusty. I stole across the yard to the left wall. I found the tree. It was old and gnarled, like the other trees, but it had one large root showing above the ground. The tree, I recall, was unbelievably scabrous. Fear materialized into an external object. I seemed to sense its body brush past me. I stood stock-still and closed my eyes. I waited for the sound of the chain. It did not come. By this time, I felt a little at ease. I seized the shovel and sank it into the loamy soil. I dug and dug. I dug a pit three feet deep. There was nothing. I dug another pit. Again, I came to nothing. It was impossible. The trove should be here. I vaulted out of the pit and tried the other side of the root. The smell of dead soil enfolded me. My head and sweating arms were running with mud. My hands burned with blisters. I knew I was committing an act of abuse. I was violating my grandfather and my grandmother. I had to find that water jar filled with gold. My irreverence must not come to nothing. And



yet, there was nothing. Fati-  
gued, I threw down the sho-  
vel and stared at the three pits  
that I had dug. My head was  
in a daze. I was quivering with  
anxiety and dread. Then it  
came to me. My grandmother  
had to help me. I cannot find  
the treasure by myself. I ran  
back to the house.

I found my grandmother  
enthroned in her rocking chair.  
I remember putting my soiled  
hands on her knees and im-  
ploring her. I looked into her  
eyes and cried: "It is not there,  
*Lola!* The treasure is not  
there!" She looked at me with  
disbelief. Then gently she  
pushed me away.

"Where is it, *Lola!* It will not  
matter to grandfather any  
more. He is dead! The insur-  
rection is over! That is now  
history! Tell me, *Lola,* where  
is it?" I must have shrieked

these words because my father  
came running.

Then to my complete amaze-  
ment, my grandmother pulled  
herself straight in the rocking  
chair and started to sway again.  
She said: "This will explain  
the death of your grandfather.  
Your grandfather was a young  
man..."

"No, *Lola!* I know all that!  
I believe all that! But where  
is it?"

"...he did not have to die."

"Where is it?" I now shout-  
ed frantically. "Just tell me  
where it is!"

"It was because he was the  
keeper of the treasure that he  
died."

My eyes burned with anxious  
tears and my father pulled me  
away.

"Stop crying or I'll whip you  
here and now," my father  
threatened.

"But Papa, I did not find  
anything."

"You must believe your  
grandmother," my father said.  
That shocked me back to still-  
ness.

FOR THE first time, probably  
in my life, I looked at  
my grandmother. I saw her  
gnarled face and her stumpy  
fingers. I saw the bags of flesh  
beneath her eyes and her use-  
less scabrous feet. I saw the  
thin cap of white hair, her fore-  
head scarred by time and her  
dried ears scarred by time.

And then I heard her firm voice, stiff with authority: "On this very table they set the bags down..."

When my father put his hand on my shoulder, I turned about and walked away. At the door, I remember wiping my eyes with my arm. Grits of soil sank into my skin. I had violated myself.

This last thought, however, is quite recent. I am now a student in a university. I feel

impelled to locate the significance of early experiences.

After this incident, I had returned, several times in fact, to live in the same house, to re-tread the lines of a pattern which I cannot get anywhere else. As my aloofness grew, my faith deepened. My last visit was the summer before my grand-mother's death.

This story does not aim to exorcise her spirit in me. I accept. I dedicate this story to the old order.

\* \* \*

## *Life and Death*

*Have I not sensed within my rounded thighs,  
Rich with the sap that fecundates the seed,  
The clot that slowly clogs and dries my spring?  
My body reaches out to clasp the sky,  
But in my flesh I feel a stealthy thief  
And from my guts, I ease a bloody sting.  
See, at my feet the weevils breed  
Which in the summer may devour each leaf.*

*But if my head bows to the sickle's curve,  
Laying this body in a dark bin low,  
The proud heart swerves round the mocking clock  
And builds its dam to coop the relentless flood;  
While in the fury of my midnight stoop,  
Know that my shy mind mimics God.*

—RICAREDO DEMETILLO

\*

The deathless story of

## Marco Polo: Vagabond Extraordinary



By **AUGUSTO PAZ**

**A**FTER Venice conquered thirteenth century Constantinople, she knew no rival as the gateway of Eastern riches to the West. Silk, spices, camphor, ivory, pearls and scents came from the Nile or the Syrian desert, by fleet or by drawn-out caravan to Venice: and thence across the Alps to Germany and France,

or in galleys through the Strait of Gibraltar to England. Diamonds from Golconda, lapis lazuli from **Badakhshan**, pearls from Ceylon: Venetian men and women reveled in the luxury of many continents.

Was Venice, then, the richest, most powerful city in the world?

Thousands of miles away, a little south of the **Yangtze** river, stood **Kinsai**, capital of the Sung emperors, unconquered by the Tartars as yet, Kinsai, like Venice, sat like a seabird's nest on a gridwork of lagoons and canals. It was over

100 miles around, twelve times the size of Venice; it had 12,000 stone bridges, huge warehouses for merchants, pavilions of pleasure, spices from Indo-China, silk from southern China, musk from Tibet. Historian Eileen Power has said, "To the men of Kinsai, Venice would have been a little suburb."

Three days' journey away stood Sugui, 20 miles in circuit, swarming with philosophers and magicians and citizens of trade. And there were other such Oriental treasures.

Marco Polo's tongue and pen brought Venice and China together.

The Tartars, in 1268, ruled the world from the Yellow river to the Danube. After their first fear passed, Western kings sent embassies to the Tartars, to seek their help against the Moslems; Franciscan missionaries also passed among them and, although they never reached China, came back with tales of the Khan's kindness.

Marco Polo knew of them because his jewel-merchant father and uncle had disappeared among the Tartars years before. Then one day they returned with a caravan of mules and camels, after having pierced the heights of Central Asia. They had succeeded in becoming the guests of Kublai Khan, ruler of China to whom all Tar-

tars owed allegiance but who had never before seen a Westerner. The Polos had been returned to Europe with a message from the Khan, requesting the Pope to send 100 men of learning to teach and preach to the Tartars.

THE POPE was newly dead, and the election of his successor took so long that the Polos, thinking Kublai might be impatient or suspicious, decided to return to the East, with young Marco, now sixteen. Just then Pope Gregory X was elected and sent with them two Dominican friars (who at the first rumor of war fled back to the coast).

Marco himself wrote an account of their voyage—through Persia with its gold tissues and elephants' teeth, through salt deserts, into "the roof of the world," places of horned sheep and jade, and finally Mongolia. The Great Khan received them kindly in 1275.

Marco, who learned dialects rapidly, was sent by the Khan to record the ways of his many Tartar tribes. For 17 years, he stayed in the Khan's confidential service, although he also made private trips of his own. Marco became so honored wherever he went, that other court officers were envious.

The younger Polo traveled through Shansi, Shensi, Szechuen, Tibet, Yunnan, and North-

ern Burma—places not to be entered again by a Westerner for centuries. For three years he governed the city of Yangchow, with 24 towns under his jurisdiction. He has written of trips also to Cochin China and India; and has described the Khan's marble summer-palace at Shandu (Xanadu), later placed in Coleridge's famous poem. Of Sakya-muni Buddha he says, "had he been a Christian he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ."

His father and uncle continued to travel, also, amassing hordes of jewels, and even helping the Khan devastate a rebel town with European siege engines. But after 17 years, they longed for Venice, to hear Mass once again at St. Mark's. The old Khan loved them too well to let them go.

Fortunately a new Mongol wife had to be sent by sea (war was abroad in the land) to Persia in 1292; and the Venetians

were asked to accompany the ships. Because of delays in Sumatra, Ceylon and India, their 14 big Chinese junks took two years to reach Persia. Meanwhile the expectant bridegroom had died; but the Mongol wife was given instead to the new, young prince!

A FEW MONTHS later, word came that the Great Khan, at 80, had also died. All central Asia felt the shock; and the heart of Marco Polo itself seemed stricken. The Polos decided not to return to China. In 1295, at last they reached the lagoons of Venice. According to legend, at first they were not recognized; until at a banquet out of their coarse Tartar coats they ripped open seams and produced precious gems the like of which had never been seen before.

Marco had other marvels to show: silky hair from a yak, the dried head and feet of a musk deer, and the seeds of indigo.



To the Doge he gave the Khan's ring, a three-bladed sword, and other wonders. He talked so much of the vastness of Kublai Khan's realm that he was nicknamed *Marco Milione*.

Three years later, however, a Genoese fleet challenged Venice to an encounter in which 7000 prisoners, including Marco, were taken. He told his tales of wonder so often at the Genoese court, that finally he was told to put them in writing, with the help of Rusticiano, a Pisan prisoner.

A year after that Marco was

ransomed and released; and in time took a wife, had three daughters, and died honored in 1324. His successes had encouraged merchants and missionaries to go to Cathay. But in the mid-14th century when the Tartar dynasty fell, and Islam placed a barrier between East and West, the travel stopped — until in the 1490's a Genoese named Columbus read in Latin the story of Marco Polo, made notes on the margin of his book, and believed. Had he not discovered Marco Polo, Columbus might never have discovered America.



### *Kubla Khan's Pleasure Dome*

*In Xanadu did Kubla Khan*

*A stately pleasure dome decree,  
Where Alph the sacred river ran,  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.*

*And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense bearing tree,  
And here were forests, ancient as the hills,  
Entolding sunny spots of greenery . . .*

— S. T. COLERIDGE

from KUBLA KHAN



# The Modern Novel In America\*

By LEONARD CASPER

AT MID-CENTURY, Regnery assigned selected editors the burden of assessing what traditionally is too close for comprehension: the contemporary literary scene. The volumes by Downer and Bogan were disappointing; but those by Ray West Jr. and Frederick J. Hoffman, tested now by five years' additional criticism in periodicals, have been sustained remarkably.

Hoffman's critical seriousness has always been evident: in the earlier *Freudianism and the Literary Mind* and the later *The Twenties*: but perhaps it was tested most by this request to do a brief survey. The temptation to be trivial has often overcome less devoted men; literary histories are famous for their lack of insight.

The strategy which shapes this study is the discovery that the most important of modern American novels seem to fall into one of only two categories, dramatized by the contrast in thought, at the turn of the century, by Frank Norris and Henry James. In one of his manifestoes, Norris proclaimed: "... we don't want literature, we want life": and given his concept of life, only a reduction of the stature of man and art could result. On the other hand, Henry James (whose *Art of Fiction* bred Edith Wharton's *Writing of Fiction*, 1925, Percy Lubbock's *Craft of Fiction*, 1921, Hoffman's present work and a whole school of conscientious, conscious criticism) was convinced that art is valuable because it orders otherwise haphazard, undecipherable experience, just as the human sense make stumbling, booming life come to us on our terms.

James' was not an esthetic equivalent of "art for art's

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Frederick J. Hoffman, *The Modern Novel in America: 1900-1950* (Regnery: Chicago, 1951).

sake"; he even implied that Flaubert used style as a mask for the poverty of his subject, whereas genuine technique both discovers and enriches its matter. Form was not added decoration, but a shape generated by the force of art. He precipitated modern investigation into the mutual adaptation and functioning of all the internal circumstances of a work of art by asking: "What is character but the determination of incident? What is incident but the illustration of character?" And because form for him was heuristic, he penetrated the moral nature of a social class more deeply than did William Dean Howells, who boasted of his social consciousness but confined himself only to those truths which would not trouble the sensibility of a young female reader!

EDITH WHARTON, who knew the Eastern financial world better than James (whose characters were always independently rich, so that they could not blame poverty or need for moral failure), widened the area of his investigations, but often made her characters too insensitive to their circumstances and too victimized by them to *deepen* the thrust of knowledge. Nevertheless, her novels are more readable than those of the followers of Norris, the naturalists whose realism was commendable as technique but abusive as philosophy. To record the world of the senses is valid, but to fail in symbolic organization—that is, to consider that world *all*—is to impose the limitations of their characters on the unwary reader.

The professional journalist's eye served Norris, Crane, London and Dreiser; but in various degrees each lacked the capacity to make the leap from image to symbol, from sense to concept: and so they are often richer in texture than in structure. With the exception of Crane, the others tended to involve themselves more and more in the lives of the subhuman, creatures too weak physically and morally to win trophies of any sort in the struggle for survival; then, as if dismayed by their own distorted view of average man, each author invented the opposite extreme, the superman, the amoral tycoon, emergent as victor from the socio-economic dialectic of the barricaded streets and fields.

World War I reinforced this view of man as victim beyond rescue, except for an occasional novel by Willa Cather (*The Professor's House*; *Death Comes to the Archbishop*; *Shadows on the Rock*) where she panned the hard-rock, irre-

ducible soul of first-generation immigrants and the proselytizing pioneer-saints of the Southwest dioceses, with a stripped-down style appropriate to her desert prospecting; and the first novels of Ernest Hemingway, which gained so much from Gertrude Stein's lessons in the rhetoric of immediacy—the Anglo-Saxon words repeated in phrases, prolonging the present—but which were richer in compositional strategy than her books were.

Gradually, both Hemingway and Cather became undisciplined, unsustainable; but were never reduced to the crudities of Sherwood Anderson or Sinclair Lewis.

THE DISMISSAL of form grew with the proletarian emphasis of the 1930's. The enthusiasm of novelists often ran so far ahead of rational comprehension that book after book contradicted itself, and worked against its own intention (just as Norris *The Octopus* had, which in the midst of requesting legislation for the wheat-shippers against the monopolistic railroads had predicted the futility of law: man could do nothing, but wait and watch the Demiurge of history take its unthinking course, optimistically hoped to be some Hegelian state of order). Dos Passos' novels, asserting individualism in the face of growing collectivism, overwhelm the individual characters by the piecemeal method of *Manhattan Transfer* and *USA*. Steinbeck (after a most intelligent presentation of the struggle between self and society in his novel, *In Dubious Battle*) has made of his average man not a thing of pity and concern, but a subrational pleasant companion wagging its sexual tail, content beyond care. Even *The Grapes of Wrath*, as it over-romanticizes its victims, smugly invests them with such devourless virtue that one no more would think of reaching out his heart to them than he would want to wash away the sores of a saint. (These novels tremble on the brink of sadism, an element hardly discussed.)

However, this sprawling embrace of imaginary life, in the juvenile tradition of Norris, has lately been seen more and more for what it is by the growing number of Jamesian critics and such overwhelming modern American novelists as William Faulkner and Robert Penn Warren who are fighting the battle against their own over-luxuriant perceptions to some definition of the moral sensibility or insensitivity of their times; some world-view, experienced and earned and formulated dramatically beyond violation.

## An Actor's Actor

By J. P. STO. DOMINGO



**I**N A COUNTRY where unsubtle though glamorous actors and actresses are worshipped not only by low-waisted and rock n' rolling teenagers but also by boorish elders, the personality of Alec Guinness comes as a relief to the more discriminating cinemaddict. The more recent movies in which this British actor appeared were *The Prisoner* which ran for a few days in Manila and *The Swan* which was popular to Manila's audience primarily for Grace Kelly who was about to get married to a real prince in Monaco.

Who noted Guinness as the thoroughly human cardinal who does not have to be associated with Mindzentsy or as the unpompous prince whose wit and comedy is the thing? When an inconspicuous news item about Guinness' conversion to Catholicism appeared, people were asking who is Alec Guinness? The image of Elvis Presley has been dazzling them.

Alec Guinness, in real life, has been described as the quiet, sober, middle-aged Englishman with a taste for philosophy and

theology. As a writer puts it: "He puts on no airs. He is not funny off stage. After all, he reasons, no one expects a bank manager to spend all his leisure time balancing books. Nor should anyone expect a comedian to run about cracking jokes." But like everyone else, it is pointed out, he has his great conversational moments.

In the last war, as commander of a naval landing craft, he wound up being the first man ashore in the invasion of Sicily. The war plan miscalculated, and Guinness had to wait for an hour for the troops to come in. Later he turned on the Admiral and said: "This sort of thing may be all right in the Mediterranean Theater but it would never be tolerated in the theater in the West End."

**B**EFORE HE joined the navy he was playing bit parts on the London stage. John Gielgud spotted him and hired him to play "Osric" in the Old Vic production of Hamlet in modern dress in 1938. Earlier Martita Hunt under whom he took private lessons in acting told him he would never make an actor. He was similarly told off by an Old Vic manager.

Guinness was born on a back street in the London parish of St. Marylebone on April 2, 1914. His youth was spent in a dreary round of seaside resorts and second-string boarding

schools. He first tried advertising and was successful until he bungled up a job. Then he decided to be an actor.

His success on the theater had barely been noticed when the war broke out. Armed with books on medieval theology and philosophy Guinness set off on his career as naval officer. He participated in several landings during the Mediterranean campaign and in ferrying hay and butter to the Yugoslavs.

After the war he was given the part of "Pocket" in Dickens' "Great Expectations" which Guinness once adapted to stage. So began his film career. For a break he continued adapting novels to stage. His adaptation of Dostoyevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov" was a success.

His ability to be several characters was proven in the film "Kind Hearts and Coronets" eight parts of which he played. Then there were the comedies: "The Lavender Hill Mob," "The Man in the White Suit," "The Card," "Oliver Twist," "The Captain's Paradise," "A Run for Your Money" and "The Lady-killers."

**H**IS AUDIENCES abroad loved him best as the shy little man with a touch of the devil in him: the quiet, sober Englishman who suddenly, subtly shifts into a crook or just a plain old-fashioned gay dog. He has also appeared on the stage

which parts filled in the gap left by his film career. He has played as rich man, poor man, thief, tycoon, thinker, priest and prince.

What accounts for his success? According to Les Armour, the ability to see life clearly and to see it whole is probably the secret. "His characters, whatever their deeds, are always human. They invariably escape moral judgment."

In *The Prisoner*, the script gave him a wide latitude. Unsubtle playing, Armour said, might have turned the play and film into a simple melodrama: the ascetic, supremely good cardinal versus the devil incarnate in the person of the communist interrogator.

Guinness thus portrayed the cardinal as a man beaten by his own weaknesses (a secret fear of the sin of spiritual pride which reduced to something just less than a whole man) pitted against another whole man twisted by a machine of his own making.

Guinness spent months studying the works and documents which would have determined the cardinal's outlook on life. In the end he could as easily have become a real cardinal as a screen one.

When Guinness became a Roman Catholic, it was widely assumed that he was influenced by his researches for his part as the cardinal. But Guinness had been studying Catholicism for years: he was not converted—he converted himself.

When plans for the "Swan" was underway, his agent nearly went mad. Guinness was enjoying a retreat in a Trappist monastery and he preferred not to be disturbed. When Miss Kelly was marrying a real prince (after the "Swan," of course), Guinness stayed at home with his wife and son. They live amid the slightly decaying terraced houses in an ordinary-looking house called "Fubsy Manor"—a far cry from the Beverly Hills mansions of Manila's Hollywood idols.

\* \* \*

### *How Fast?*

*To give one an idea just how fast the latest jet planes can fly, here is a comparison: "If the plane were fired at by a 16-inch naval gun and the pilot should happen to see the shell, he could AVOID it, swing his plane ALONGSIDE TO INSPECT IT, and then still have enough velocity to fly away from the shell and watch it drop to the ground!"*

## Owen Davis: a Reasonable Literacy

*Beyond count, beyond recall*

**I**F IT IS an honor to be the most prolific writer of a nation, Owen Davis, American playwright with the greatest number of productions (and one Pulitzer Prize) to his credit, will never be forgotten. Unfortunately, however, it is equally possible that nobody has ever heard of him — nobody, that is, younger by a generation than his own 80 years.

Davis himself lost count of the plays to his credit, after his 200th; although friends still try to designate the more recent ones as his 256th or some other unlikely number. Nevertheless, whatever were the names and dates of intervening plays, Davis has put it on record that his first play, "Through the Breakers," was performed in Bridgeport, Connecticut, sometime in the Nineties.

Owen Davis was born high north in Maine, early in 1874; but he divided his education between the University of Tennessee (1888-89) and Harvard. Twenty years later he said of himself, "It has taken me twenty years to get even so slight a start on the ladder as I now have and twenty years of very hard work. In that twenty years I have written a preposterous amount of rubbish and out of it I have earned a little and learned a little — just enough of each to make me hungry for more."

A more generous, though still honest view of his career has been offered by a professional critic: "Mr. Davis' approach to dramatic art suggested a combination of mass production and perpetual motion. For more than fifty years his pen rarely

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\* This is the twenty-sixth of an exclusive *Panorama* series on leading literary personalities the world over, written by an authority on the subject.

paused. And when it was busiest he could and did write a play and have it cast and before an audience in twenty-four hours."

While he was a student in Tennessee, Davis first became attracted to the stage; but did nothing about it until 1894, when he arrived in New York with \$12 in his pocket. He wrote at once one of the so-called "popular-priced melodramas," with interminable pitfalls which made the curtain triumph of the hero over the villain breathtaking and incredible. When the old-fashioned melodrama fell into discord, Davis switched to sophisticated characters mollycoddling in a drawing room. This new formula satisfied stock companies throughout the country for years.

During the Prohibition era, when the community in a twinge of self-righteousness lashed out at the sins of everyone but themselves, the theater was often blamed for the immoralities of the whole Twenties. With the help of a collaborator, therefore, Davis espoused the "play jury" scheme, under which citizens were invited to censor the stage for themselves. This at least rescued the theater from threatened "political censorship" and put it in the hands, instead, of several hundred citizens who attended plays en masse and reported any laxity of the moral code. The perhaps unexpected result of this proposed scheme was that the civil authorities, feeling that they were being eased aside where they could receive no publicity worthy of their offices, abandoned the entire project and let looseness and lawlessness run rampant onstage as it did offstage, in the streets and gardens of "flaming youth."

Meanwhile, Davis who assured the waiting world that all one needed to become a playwright was "a pencil, a pad and a reasonable literacy," ground out his manuscripts.

Somehow in 1923 he managed to win the Pulitzer Prize with his play *Icebound* whose details escape everyone today. A partial list of his other successes would include: *For the White Rose* (1898); *Lost in the Desert* (1901); *A Gambler's Daughter* (1902); *Her One False Step* (1903); *Tracked Around the World* (1904); *Chinatown Charlie* (1906); *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model* (1906); *The Great Express Robbery* (1907); *Sinners* (1915); *Mile-a-Minute Kendall* (1916); *The Nervous Wreck* (1923); *The Great Gatsby* (1926); and *Spring Is Here* (1929).



His last work to enjoy an average run on Broadway was *Mr. and Mrs. North*, his 1941 adaptation of the Lockridge stories from radio: his son played a minor role. Several subsequent productions failed and are best forgotten.

In 1950, Owen Davis wrote his autobiography, *My First 50 Years in the Theater*, an account by the then-76-year-old author of experiences already in the past but not in history.

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## *Science Behind the Lens*

The story of the manufacture of any product begins with raw materials. In the case of photographic film, these are cotton, wood pulp, silver, hide trimmings and potassium bromide. There are several layers in a cross section of a strip of film. The most important are the base which serves as a support for the others, and the emulsion which contains the light-sensitive particles. A protective layer guards the emulsion from scratches that would ruin an otherwise perfect negative.

The chief ingredient of film base is cellulose. This is dissolved in a mixture of acetic acid and acetic anhydride. The syrup that results is placed in stoneware jars for aging. After this it is precipitated in water, separating out white cellulose acetate flakes which are then stored. In the factory these are dissolved in an organic solvent, fed evenly to the mirror-polished outer surface of a huge rotating wheel where it becomes a thin, flexible transparent sheet.

Silver ingots are dissolved in nitric acid and the resulting green liquid is pumped into crystallizers. Controls promote the formation and growth of silver nitrate crystals which are drawn off and placed in steel baskets to remove the moisture. The crystals are redissolved in distilled water, recrystallized, thus purifying the nitrate. The crystals are then funneled into stainless steel barrels.

The film base is drawn through a trough containing the emulsion in such a manner that one side received a uniform coat. It then passes through a cooling chamber to harden the emulsion. The film is then cut into the desired shape, spooled and packaged.

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# Focus on VISAYAN WRITING



By Godofredo M. Roperos

**A**N ESTIMATED eight million Filipinos speak the Bisayan tongues — Cebuano which is spoken in Cebu, Negros Oriental (with a slight difference) in Bohol and Mindanao; and Hiligaynon, which is used in the provinces of Iloilo, Negros Occidental (with a slight variation) in Capiz and Antique and parts of Mindanao. The chief reading fare of the people in this area and at the same time the main outlets of an enthusiastic literary expression in Bisayan can be found in four vernacular magazines: the *Bisaya*, the *Hiligaynon*, and *Alimyon* and the *Yuhum*. Of these four vernacular vehicles, the *Yuhum* is printed outside Manila.

Vernacular writing in the Visayas is divided into two groups: the Cebuano and the

Ilonggo; each independent of the other, though people in the Tagalog region are apt to mistake both dialects as one. Each also enjoys a readership in a particular area. Though part of the East Visayas, Samar and Leyte have their own peculiar dialect, popularly known as *Waray* (which is *wa-ay* in Hiligaynon, *waa* in Cebuano, *wala* in Tagalog, none in English). Palawan associated with the Western Visayas has quite a different dialect which does not come under either of these classifications.

Though differences in words abound between the Cebuano and Ilonggo, they have great similarities in morphology and

syntax. A notable difference, however, exists in the manner each of these two dialects is spoken. Cebuanos enunciate their words in a husky, rather forceful manner while the Ilongos speak in soft and hard accents.

Cebuano writing started way back in the Spanish times, finding form in the *corridos* of the last two centuries (the oldest copy of a *corrido* or metrical romance this writer knows is in the possession of Tomas Hermosisima. It is dated 1775.) But it was not until the early days of the American occupation that the first magazine in Cebuano, *Ang Suga* (The Lamp) appeared. Senator Vicente Sotto, also known as the father of Cebuano literature, was editor. He was one of the first Cebuano playwrights.

THE PRESENT group of Cebuano writers still includes some of the old guards, like Vicente Rama, Pio Kabahar, Sulpicio Osorio, Angel Enemecio, and Florentino Tecson. Maria Kabigon, now 77, runs a Dorothy Dix column in the *Bisaya*, under the pseudonym "Manding Karya." The writers of the thirties are still active today and produce the bulk of significant and competent vernacular stories in Cebuano.

In 1953, a few writers got together and formed the Cebu

Writers' Guild. From a handful of charter members, it has grown to its present membership of about 250 from the eastern Visayas and Mindanao. The Guild launched a contest in biography writing, similar to that of the late Senator Sotto's annual contest on the best biography on Rizal written in the vernacular. The Guild also gives an annual award to the best painter, the best short story writer in Cebuano, and the best all-around writer in the local tongue.

Some of the noted works in Cebuano include a narrative poem by Elpidio Rama called *Donya Estrella, Ang Nabanhaw* (Doña Estrella, The Resurrected) which was written in amphibrach trimeter. Rama died in 1953 in his late seventies. Rama also wrote a book on grammatical principles in Bisayan, called *Kabatakanan sa Gramatika Nga Binisya* and another on theosophy, *Katarungan So Teosopiya*. Considered one of the best Bisayan lyric poets, Vicente Renudo is best remembered in his poem, *Hinikalimtan* (The Forgotten). Vice President Carlos Garcia is also remembered for one of his best poems, *Sa Akong Payag* (In My Hut).

Among the playwrights in the vernacular, the late Buenaventura Rodriguez, former governor of Cebu, is probably the best. His *Luha sa Kalipay*

(Tear of Joy) and *Dumgasa* (Southeast Monsoon) have been staged over and over again in town fiestas.

The late Senator Sotto, during his exile in Hongkong wrote 53 short stories which had been collected and put out in a book. In the field of the novel, Vicente Rama is top rank. His *Donya Marcosa* is considered a classic. Flaviano Bosquecosa also wrote a fine novel, *Ang Palad Ni Pepe* (The Fate of Pepe) and translated Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* into the vernacular. A few years ago, Tomas V. Hermosissima's translation of *Noli Me Tangere* was serialized in the *Bisaya*.

WRITING in Hiligaynon began sometime in the last decade of the 19th century when Bishop Cuartero published translations of the *corridos*, in Iloilo, but the real start of vernacular writing in Hiligaynon was with the publication of *Makinaugalingon*, a newspaper owned by Rosendo Mejica. Mejica also published the first stories and poems in Ilonggo. This was about 1910.

In the late twenties there appeared the *Kabisayan*, the first vernacular magazine in Ilonggo. It was edited by Serapion Torre, himself one of the respected writers during

### Bright Spot

Although the influences of Poe, de Maupassant and O. Henry are still felt in Bisayan stories even today, there is however a definite trend toward modern writing. But if there is a bright commentary to make on writing in the vernacular Bisayan, it is the fact that Hiligaynon and Bisayan writers have, during the last half of the century produced a body of works that can pass for literature.

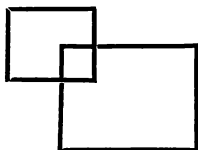
this period.

Before the war the Ilonggo group included such writers as Emilio Zaldivar, Francis Jamo-iangue, Jr., Flavio Zaragoza, Cano, Delfin Gumban, Magdalena Jalandoni, Ulpiano C. Vergara, Jose Magalona, former editor of *El Tiempo*, Emilio L. Severino, Isidro Abeto, Abe S. Gonzalez.

Some of these old guards are still writing today. But the bulk of the present Ilonggo literature is being dashed out by writers still in their late teens or early twenties when the war broke out. They are the writers who grew up with the postwar triumphs and frustrations, and their stories and novels reflect their impressions.

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# Carved by Glacier



By MITRON PANIQUI

**T**O TROPICAL peoples whose landforms are shaped largely by rainy-season downpours and sand-blast winds during dry season, the earth-gouging by glaciers in poleward countries is amazing.

Glaciers—bodies of ice in slow motion—are the product of accumulated snow formed into ice by the weight of the snow and by internal melting and refreezing. Some mountains are so high that their annual snows never melt completely. Avalanches carry their excess down into the valleys where, recrystallizing into solid ice, they expand downward. If the glacier reaches the sea, blocks will break off, becoming icebergs.

Continent-wide ice sheets, such as still occupy Greenland and Antarctica, once covered northern America (down to the junction of the Missouri, Ohio and Mississippi rivers: the

Great Lakes are glacial) and northern Europe to the midpoint of Germany. These ice sheets must have been at least one mile thick, northward, since they wholly buried the mountains of New England.

The weight of glacial ice easily topples rock pinnacles and plows up loose earth, which is carried forward. Such rocks become abrasive tools for eroding other land, though in the process they lose their angularity and become rounded.

As the bottom of a glacier becomes overloaded with clay, sand and boulders, some of these are scattered and deposited. These vast areas of unassorted materials (glacial drift) are called *till*, or if the deposit is many feet thick and ridgelike, *moraines*. Some of

the less heavy material is carried out even beyond the ice margin by streams of water resulting from the melting ice. Later, when the ice retreats, such narrow stream-shaped deposits are called *valley trains*; if spread more broadly, an *outwash plain*.

Contrasted with the smooth wearing of banks by streams, glacial erosion is scouring and patternless, random.

Tropical mountains (like North Africa's) often are high enough to hold snow; but the lowest limit of *permanent* snow is very high in the tropics (14,000-20,000 feet), while in subpolar regions even snow at sea level may not melt. In these latter regions, irregularities in the floor of the mountain valleys twist the flow of glacial ice and open deep transverse cracks called *crevasses*, dangerous when made invisible by freshly fallen snow. But generally the weight and pressure of a glacier are so great that it has its way with the valley's rock sides. The typical glacial valley, therefore, is U-shaped rather than V-shaped.

WHERE THE glacier polishes the rock, the bottom sides are steep; but the areas above glacial reach may be gentler and even hold high pastures, like the Swiss "alps," or the Norwegian "field beite," or the sheep-grazed peaks of the Am-

erican Rockies. Grass and plants grow even above the timber line.

Occasionally the glacial ice does not gouge its trough in river-like fashion but scoops down and then up again over harder rock. Such basins, filled with melted snow, become the beautiful chain lakes of the Alps, those in Glacier National Park (USA), Lake Louise (Canada) and many of the Andean lakes in southern Argentina. If the basin is quarried deeply and rounded, it is called a *cirque*. (The rock walls of Iceberg Lake in Glacier National Park rise 3,000 feet.)

If a glacier recedes sufficiently, it will leave hanging valleys from which waterfalls drop to the main, grassy valley floor: Yosemite Valley in California is a scenic example of this effect.

When mountain peaks have their bases whittled and quarried by ice erosion, the softer rock above falls in avalanches and all that is left is a giant pinnacle (like the Matterhorn, gouged by four glaciers) or a series of pinnacles and notches resembling the teeth of a comb.

The deep, broad inlets (*fiords*), of the Norwegian coast are U-shaped, proving their glacial origin. Probably they were hanging valleys at one time. But since the time of their formation, the whole coastline has submerged so that there are

features in the landforms the result of sea action also. The outer range of peaks, now having their lower slopes covered with water, appear as thousands of mountainous islands. Although buried reefs present their own danger, it is possible to travel an "inside passage" of almost 1,000 miles in Norway, protected from the winds and currents of the outer sea by these tall islands.

GLACIATED lowlands have their own remarkable features. In some northern regions ice-scoured hillocks, polished and completely "bald," protrude from the grassy drifts and, looking like sheep bedded down, are called *roches moutonnees*. These regions (like Ontario, Wisconsin, Minnesota) are also famous for their thousands of little-basin lakes, or swamps (*muskegs*, as they are called in Canada). River bottoms are likely to be pebbly or rocky and, therefore, more free of silt than southern wa-

ters; the water is bluer. Smashed rock (gravel) is so plentiful that, in road construction, it seldom has to be hauled over 10 miles from the nearest quarry.

One particularly peculiar feature is the *drumlin*, a hill of considerable height composed of materials dumped by a glacier. These are whale-shaped: a long rising slope, marking the direction from which the glacier came, then a sudden drop. Because of their characteristic shape, drumlins are easily distinguished from monadnocks, hard rock projections the size of hills left standing when the glaciers pushed away all softer rock. The shape of the latter, since it depends on its hardness, is erratic.

Finally there are the *kame-and-kettle moraines*, kames being hills or ridges, and kettles being hollows in the drift. These illustrate the twisting, scraping, dropping, squirming actions of a glacier's outer reaches.

\* \* \*

### INSIDE PASSAGE

It is possible to travel from Seattle, Washington to Skagway, Alaska, another region of fiords, by an "inside passage" free from the Pacific current and winds; and from southernmost Chile 500 miles northward, "inside" the coast. Because the fiords are glacial, they are deep and easily navigable. (They make bad harbors, in fact, because they are *too deep* for anchors to touch bottom!) Portland Canal, for example, between Alaska and British Columbia, is 90 miles long, an average of 1.3 miles wide, with mid-channel water reaching 1,250 feet in depth. The Sogne Fiord in Norway is 112 miles long, 4 miles wide, with water 4000 feet deep.

## Emilio Jacinto and the Katipunan



**E**MILIO JACINTO was nineteen and a student at the University of Sto. Tomas when he became a member of the Katipunan. It was 1893 and the secret society had been organized a year ago, on July 7, 1892, the day after Jose Rizal had gone into exile in Dapitan. It was a period of liberal ideas and young students like Jacinto were becoming imured to the thoughts and ideals of the Propaganda Movement.

After attending several meetings of the organizers of the Katipunan, Jacinto signed up. Andres Bonifacio immediately recognized his talent and made him secretary of the committee whose job was to issue manifestoes and proclamations and do propaganda work for the Katipunan.

Jacinto's rise in the society was fast. At the election of officers of the third supreme council in January, 1895 he was named fiscal, and in the fifth election, on the very eve of the revolution, in August, 1896, he

By *EFREN SUNICO*

was appointed secretary of state. He was member, too, of the powerful triumvirate, the *camara secrefa*, the secret judicial chamber he presided with Bonifacio and the young political doctor, Pio Valenzuela. Its mission was to ferret out treachery within the organization.

As Bonifacio's aide, Jacinto supervised the manufacture of gunpowder and the purchase of arms. He drafted a document called *Kartilla ng Katipunan*, the society's creed. The *Kartilla* contained epigrams on patriotism, equality, nobility, and man's conduct toward women.

**T**O SPREAD its libertarian word, the Katipunan published a newspaper. The press, secured by two seadivers coming home from Australia in 1895, was ready but the problem was the lack of types. Jacinto contributed twenty pesos



## JACINTO'S MANIFESTO

*"Liberty appears to the youth much afflicted by the misfortunes of his country; the youth recognizes her and lays before her the just grievances of his compatriots. . . Liberty tells him: In the times long past, when cowardice and debasement had not yet taken the place of the good qualities of thy forbears, the Filipino people were under my protection and were happy and breathed the air that gave them life, vigor, and health: my light illuminated their minds and they were respected by their neighbors. But a day came, which must be execrated and cursed, when Slavery arrived and told them she was Virtue, Right, Justice, promising Glory to all who would believe in her. . . ; she came wearing the mask of beauty and kindness, serene and affectionate of demeanor. . . and the brethren believed her and worshipped her. . . and me they forgot and almost abhorred. . .*

*"Liberty again decided to leave the youth, but ceding to his prayers for her protection, she stays and says to him: No man is worthy of my protection and support who is not fond of me and does not love me, and who cannot die for my cause. Thou canst announce this to thy compatriots. And liberty disappears. At dawn, there was something in the eyes of the youth like a smouldering project: the austere and apocalyptic Katipunan."*

— Kalayaan

which he had begged from his mother; the types he bought were supplemented by types stolen by employes of *Diario de Manila*, a Spanish-owned daily.

Valenzuela was given charge of the press. He named the newspaper *Kalayaan* and ap-

pointed Jacinto as editor. The name of Marcelo H. del Pilar, the propagandist in the Peninsula, was put on the masthead, and the paper datelined Yokohama, Japan, so that the Spaniards would be misled. Jacinto read the copy for the newspaper after his classes. The

first editorials of *Kalayaan* were Jacinto's translation of the Spanish editorials which had appeared in the *La Solidaridad*.

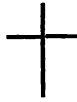
The first issue — eight pages, 9 by 12 inches in size — came out with the date January 18, 1896. Actually it was in the middle of January that *Kalayaan's* two thousand copies were issued. Some of them fell into the hands of Spanish authorities. There was an article by Jacinto, Valenzuela's "Katuiran?" Bonifacio's "Pagibig sa Tinubuan Lupa," news items, and Jacinto's manifesto.

The first issue was to be the last. While it brought in men to join the secret society, it alerted the Spaniards. The press was moved from one place to another. The second issue was never published, and the press was discovered a few days before the revolution.

During the war, Jacinto wrote propaganda leaflets for the Katipunan, using pseudonyms, *Pingkian* and *Dimasilaw*. As the revolution progressed, he accompanied Bonifacio in his various encounters with the Spaniards. He was named general of the army in the north. Jacinto on several occasions, disguised as a cabin boy, tried to rescue Rizal, a prisoner aboard the warship *Castilla* on its way to Cuba, but Rizal did not wish to escape.

WHEN Bonifacio went to Cavite to meet the Magdiwang faction, Jacinto carried on the leadership of the Katipunan in Morong, Bulacan, Laguna, and Manila. Occasionally he would send Bonifacio money and arms. Bonifacio, finding out that his leadership was waning among the Cavite revolutionists, wrote Jacinto explaining his disappointments and problems. On his way to join Jacinto in the hills of Morong, Bonifacio was arrested by Aguinaldo's men. With Bonifacio dead, Jacinto carried on in Laguna and did not join the other revolutionary leaders who later on negotiated with the Spaniards the pact of Biakna-Bato.

Left with only a few followers, Jacinto encountered a large group of Spanish soldiers in Majayjay, Laguna and was wounded on the right thigh. He was taken prisoner and brought to Sta. Cruz, Laguna. In prison he wrote a poem, *El Preso*. Released from prison after a few months of incarceration due to sickness, he continued giving instructions to the revolutionists in the field. But his sickness became graver. Two years after Bonifacio's death, on April 16, 1899, Jacinto died from malarial fever at the age of twenty-four.



# Religion in Soviet Russia

*"We know nowadays that lightning isn't made by God but by electricity."*

**Z**AGORSK IS AN ancient monastery about sixty miles from Moscow and the most important of the seminaries which have been reopened since the war. Outside the monastery walls young people were dancing to a radio. Inside, the white-walled and gold-domed churches were crowded with pilgrims. They were young and old, they came from near and far, from villages and from towns. When the churches closed between the services, they sat and rested on the steps or on the benches in the garden, dressed in their travel-dusty clothes and with their bundles and their staffs beside them.

All through Holy Week I was in Moscow. The churches were packed. On Saturday I went with some foreigners to

*By M. HARARI*

the midnight service. Several blocks from the cathedral we had to leave our car and walk because the streets were flooded with people who could not get inside the church. We were admitted through the foreigners' gate into the space reserved for us. Beyond the grille which separated us from them, the congregation stood, shoulder to shoulder, with quiet, recollected faces.

At midnight the bells rang out, the procession moved down the name and people embraced each other and said: "Christ is risen." The service went on for several hours; all that time the crowds stood in the streets, chanting parts of the litany. Seeing all this, I asked some

Russians if there was a religious revival. One said: "Yes." Another said: "No, religion is dying out." A third said: "Neither. People always were religious; it's just that at one time the churches were closed, now they're open."

By no means all the churches have been reopened. That is why the fact that they are crowded means less than it seems to at first sight. The Sunday after Easter I went to a medieval place of pilgrimage where there used to be some forty churches and monasteries. Twenty had been destroyed. Most of the others stood empty and locked up; through the broken windows you could see the damaged frescoes. One was used as a store house; the cathedral was open to visitors as a monument. Only one church was used for worship. It had been restored in 1948 when the clergy and people had collected the funds. There was a service going on in it.

NOT FAR from it, in the museum which had been a bishop's palace, a guide was lecturing to a group of youngsters from a high school. I followed the conducted tour. He told us that Russia's conversion to Christianity had been part of the effort of the feudal lords to enslave the people. He took us into the cathedral and opened a coffin; inside it was a

body which, he said, had been venerated as the body of a saint. He made a joke about it and dropped down the lid. He also told us that the churches which were still standing were to be restored as monuments but not for worship. At this, one of the schoolboys asked "Why?" There was a moment of uncomfortable silence. Then a girl added: "Because religion isn't necessary," and the guide agreed with her. But the boy stood there, silently insisting on his question. It was an oddly tense little scene.

There was a tough young woman I met in a train, who was coming home on leave from the virgin lands. She enjoyed the pioneering life and she had been through many hardships. She showed me some colored Easter eggs she was taking to her sister. I asked her if she was a believer. She said: "Of course, I always was, all through the years I spent in the *Komsomol*." On the other hand, another young woman of about the same age, a well-paid civil servant with whom I had tea, offered me *kulich*, a sort of Easter cake, but she said: "How can any educated person believe in God? We know nowadays that lightning isn't made by God but by electricity." But this attitude does not necessarily last. A man in his forties told me he had been an atheist when he was in the *Komsomol*, but

later he remembered what he had been taught as a small child and came back to the church.

One working man whom I asked if practising his religion was an inconvenience to him in his job said: "No, people trust you more; they know you have a conscience." He also told me of party members who surreptitiously went to church and had religious weddings. "The only thing they can't have," he said, "is a religious funeral, because the party buries them; but they leave instructions in their wills for their relatives to pray for them."

Several working people asked me if the churches were open in England. All of them were religious. They said: "Perhaps to an educated person like yourself that seems silly, but for us simple people, what else would make life worth living? How can a man live without faith and prayer?" These words were like a refrain I often heard. They were plain people; for them good was good and evil was evil. They knew they did not practise the good and they were not surprised that others did not.

**M**OVING IN A different way were the earnest young atheists. Their religion was Soviet society. They stressed moral values more than the believers did. They thought honesty, public spirit, fairness, kindness, self-control were not only characteristically Soviet but had almost been born together with the Soviet world. But their words had not the reverberations of good and evil. Nowhere is the duty to be truthful more impressed on children than in Soviet schools, yet these young people knew that truth is limited by expediency, of which the party is the judge. They believed in humanity, but Stalin had said "You can't chop wood without making the chips fly," and if they witnessed Stalin's holocaust they thought of the victims as the inevitably flying chips.

Now they had been told that Stalin, whom they had almost worshipped as a god, had been a tyrant. As a result, some were facing a moral crisis. Other young people have been disillusioned and cynical a long time, while some are aware of a need for a faith and a philosophy by which to live.—Adapted from the *Listener*.

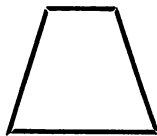
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### Wanted: An Adding Machine

*Golfer*—"Boy, how many did I take to do those holes?"

*Caddy*—"I'm sorry, sir, I only went to a primary school."

# Kim Goes to a Shoe-Shine School



**A** SCHOOL that has no compulsion and no punishment and whose teachers get no pay opens its doors every evening at 5 o'clock in Seoul, Korea. Some 670 youngsters between the ages of 6 and 18 troop into the classrooms made out of tents built up with the remains of packing cases and, after a day of work, prepare to face four hours of lessons.

As they take their seats they carefully find a place for the tools of their trade. The shoe-shine boys stack their boxes of brushes and polish. The boys who have been selling cigarettes put what is left after their day's trading below their desks, the waters hide their aprons, the messenger boys move their "tips" from a torn pocket to a safer one.

The business boy's school is ready to begin.

Presiding over the classes of students who have lost their parents and those who come from poor refugee families is a 25-year-old Korean National Police sergeant, Kwon Ung Pal, who claims that his school has never turned away an applicant.

The story of this school with no obvious means of support, which goes on always increasing its membership, began in 1952 when Private Kwon Ung Pal was moved from a combat unit to Seoul and given as his assignment the job of rounding up the beggar boys and putting down the thieving that was harassing the main Post Exchange and people walking in the streets of the capital city.

In his own words, "punishing and arresting the beggar boys did no good."

LITTLE more than a boy himself, Kwon Ung Pal found himself more in sympathy with, than authoritatively against, the ragged young malefactors and quickly realized that boys with no means of livelihood will steal and lie and cheat to get a meal before crawling under the railroad bridge or ruined wall that is their only shelter.

With no means or position to do anything about the state of affairs, Kwon Ung Pal gathered a little group into the ruins of what had once been the Seoul Post Office and started to teach them songs, tell them stories and give simple lesson for one hour a day. The group grew to 60 to 70.

After a great deal of hunting around he found an old warehouse in the center of Seoul which gave a little more protection from the elements and, armed with a blackboard, started a primary school. The numbers grew alarmingly.

The group moved to a private school, opening after normal school hours. This did not work as the urchins fought with the better-off children who attended the school.

Finally in 1954 he moved his school into three shored-up tents on ground belonging to

the Korean Soldiers and Police Orphanage at Nam San (South Mountain) on a hill dominating the center of Seoul.

In official recognition that Kwon Ung Pal was doing a good job in an unorthodox way with these underprivileged youngsters, the National Police promoted Kwon to sergeant and relieved him from all duties other than caring for the boys and the school.

BUT KWON UNG PAL wanted more than just enough food and shelter for his boys. He wanted to give them a position in life and to assure their future. They must be made self-supporting and taught that they must build good reputations for honesty and fair-dealing.

To this end he encouraged the shoe-shine boys by obtaining shoe-shine boxes which he loaned until a boy had made enough money to buy a box of his own. A shoe-shine box costs about 600 hwan (\$1.20). A shoe-shine boy on an average makes 300 hwan (60 cents) a day; with a little careful economy, a man of eight could be in business on his own. Other boys he helped to get jobs as street vendors, newsboys, messengers.

When they were making enough money he encouraged them to leave the "hand-out" kitchen and make their own

cooking and eating arrangements.

"These are only the first steps," he explains. "I want the boys to learn proper trades as well."

In the meantime the school was still growing. Among the numbers was one boy, Kim, whose police record showed that he had run away from an orphanage 32 times and was listed as incorrigible. Kim stayed at this school. So did some 600 others.

University students gave their services without pay as teachers.

The three tent classrooms were becoming woefully inadequate. Help came from volunteers of the United Nations Women's Guild in the form of a donation of UNESCO Gift Coupons valued at \$10,000 to equip a workshop with wood-working machinery, barbering tools, sewing machines for tailoring classes, and other supplies for teaching useful trades.

Funds for the Coupons were raised by selling 25-cent stamps to visitors at UN Headquarters in New York.

THE United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency (UNKRA) added \$5,000 worth of building materials to this sum, and construction of a new workshop building has begun.

Though the school is known locally as the Shoe-Shine Boys School, it has the official name of Seoul Vocational Boys School and is the forerunner of some 52 more planned for other areas in Korea, also under the sponsorship of the National Police and the consultative guidance of Sergeant Kwon.

"When our workshop is opened and these other schools are in being, then we shall train carpenters and electricians and painters and engineers. "Our boys," says Sergeant Kwon proudly, "will be the best in Korea." — *Korean Survey*.

\* \* \*

### Analogy

*Women are like newspapers. They come in all forms. They always have the last word. Back issues are not in much demand. They have a great influence. You can't believe everything they say. They're thinner than they used to be. They get along by advertising. And every man should have one of his own instead of borrowing his neighbor's.*

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## *An Islander Saved Me*

By **JOHN F. KENNEDY**  
U.S. Senator from Massachusetts



**I**N AUGUST, 1943, the PT boat I commanded was rammed and cut in two while attacking a Japanese destroyer. A week later, all survivors—some badly hurt—were living on the thin edge of existence on a narrow Pacific reef, drinking rain water, eating a few raw coconuts, freezing at night and wondering, endlessly wondering, how it all would end.

On the seventh day we saw our first signs of human life—an islander offshore in a small canoe. Somewhat fearfully he approached us. He spoke no English, gave little sign of understanding. Carving out a message of our approximate position on a green coconut shell, we repeated over and over the name of our base—Rendova—Rendova—and pointed east. With our message, our hopes

and our lives overloading his canoe, he disappeared over the water.

One day later a large war canoe arrived—seemingly out of nowhere—loaded with islanders. They built us a shelter; they made us our first fire; they gave us food. Then they took me to another island, where a New Zealander “coast watcher” in a small jungle camp observed the Japanese air base at Kolombangara. He told me that our friend had come by, informed him of our troubles, arranged for assistance and left the same evening to row many miles to our home base at Rendova.

Next day a PT boat came to pick us up—and there in the stern stood our benefactor. He rode silently back to Rendova with us, smilingly shook hands

with each of us as we got off the boat, then disappeared as silently as he had come—back into the jungles and inlets of the Solomons.

**W**E CAME from the powerful United States, he from a jungle home in the islands—from a different race, a different culture, a different stage of civilization. His people spoke a different language; their religious and ethical beliefs were cast in a different mold. To us he seemed strange, backward, almost savage. To him we were equally alien.

And yet not a single one of those differences mattered to a man who was willing to save the lives of total strangers at great risk to his own—nor did they matter to us. The unimportance of such differences is strikingly apparent when life and death are at stake.

Perhaps our mysterious friend of the islands has forgotten us now. But we will always remember *him*, and the elementary lesson in human kindness that he taught us one bleak day over 13 years ago.—*Free World*.

\* \* \*

## INDUSTRY PLAYS THE CDDS

Thirty years ago Dr. Walter Shewhart developed for industry a startlingly efficient method of controlling product quality at minimum cost. He knew very little of statistics but suspected that a method of inspection based on this field might be the answer, which hunch proved to be right. When installed at Western Electric, the new method cut rejects on some items up to fifty percent and saved millions of dollars in overhead. This method is statistical quality control.

Industry was reluctant to turn over their inspection processes to quality control men with their many charts and graphs. Most plants were using 10 percent inspection methods, but because of human fatigue and other factors many defective products slipped through. At the outbreak of World War II the government became alarmed at the defective weapons, munitions and machine parts that industry supplied. After statistical quality control was forced on them, the number of faulty 20mm shells reaching the fleet dropped from three percent to 0.03 of one percent.

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# Panorama Quiz

One mark of an educated man is the possession of a reasonable fund of general information. The highly specialized individual, often dubbed an "expert," frequently knows little or nothing outside his own line. Try yourself on the following questions, then turn to the next page for the correct answers.

1. Dropping in on the famous John James Audubon, you would have caught him: *A. composing ballet music; B. painting American birds; C. gazing through a telescope; D. writing a political speech.*

2. In American colloquial usage, a *lummox* is a: *A. clumsy, stupid person; B. wrong move; C. travelling merchant; D. disagreeable boss.*

3. Made famous by the landing of Japanese invasion forces in World War II, Lamon Bay is in the province of: *A. Albay; B. Leyte; C. Pangasinan; D. Quezon.*

4. Which of the following measures of distance is the longest? *A. statute mile; B. kilometer; C. nautical mile; D. furlong.*

5. To be "in the doldrums" means: *A. to be unlucky; B. to be in low spirits; C. to be mysterious or intriguing; D. to be disgraced.*

6. It might surprise you to know that a common Philippine plant, the okra, has been found to be a good source of: *A. penicillin; B. high octane gas; C. radioactive fuel; D. artificial blood plasma.*

7. A puppet of Soviet Russia, he was installed premier of Hungary after Imre Nagy was deposed: *A. Janos Kadar; B. Sandor Racz; C. Wladyslaw Gomulka; D. Georgi Mikoyan.*

8. Who of the following Johns does not belong to the group? *A. John Boles; B. John Gilbert; C. John Dewey; D. John Barrymore.*

9. If you went into a delicatessen, would you be looking for: *A. perfume? B. ready-to-serve meat? C. pipe tobacco? D. rare chinaware?*

10. Even if big denominations are hard to come by, you should know that on the 100-peso Philippine bill appears the portrait of: *A. Magellan; B. Legaspi; C. Del Pilar; D. Lawton.*

**ARE YOU WORD WISE?****Answers**

1. (b) to make drunk
2. (c) matter-of-fact or mechanical
3. (a) a small quantity
4. (a) to move or travel across
5. (d) to satisfy to the full
6. (c) insincerely suave or bland
7. (d) to exhibit emotion
8. (a) book of elementary principles
9. (c) lavish
10. (b) self-assurance
11. (d) train of attendance following a distinguished person
12. (a) to detach or alienate
13. (a) to obstruct or burden
14. (c) to make mad
15. (b) trickery
16. (d) pertaining to morning

**PANORAMA QUIZ****Answers**

1. B. painting American birds
  2. A. clumsy, stupid person
  3. D. Quezon
  4. C. nautical mile (6,080.2 ft. in the U.S.; statute or land mile is only 5,280 ft.)
  5. B. to be in low spirits
  6. D. artificial blood plasma
  7. A. Janos Kadar
  8. C. John Dewey (educator-philosopher; rest are movie stars)
  9. B. ready-to-serve meat
  10. A. Magellan
- 
17. (c) to look sullen or depressed
  18. (a) cloudy or hazy
  19. (b) act of holding
  20. (c) a grave robber

\* \* \*

*New Swiss-Italian Route*

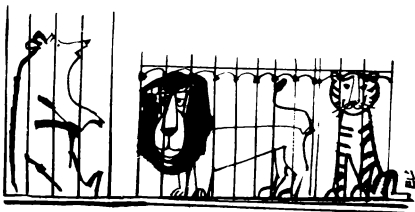
**S**WISS AND Italian syndicates representing two private groups signed an agreement in Turin for the construction of a road tunnel under the Great St. Bernard Pass. Both parties have submitted to their governments extremely detailed and carefully studied plans for the piercing of a tunnel approximately six kilometers in length. The proposed entrance to the tunnel is to lie at 1900 meters altitude and will be provided with a covered approach some two kilometers in length to render it utilizable throughout the year (hitherto, the saddle of the Great St. Bernard could only be used during three or four months every year). The construction costs are estimated at more than 43 million Swiss francs, a considerable sum, which, however, will be easily amortized through the introduction of tolls. The new international transit road will bring a number of indirect economic advantages.

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# In the Beginning...

## ZOO (collection of animals)

The Greeks gave the word (zoion) meaning "animal," but *zoo* comes originally from a humorous or colloquial abbreviation of the Zoological Gardens in London.



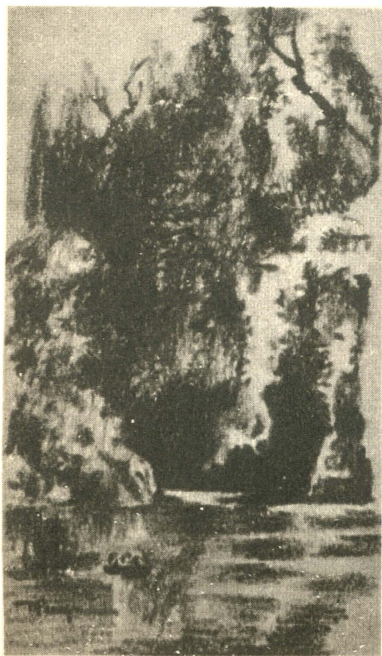
## BEDLAM (lunatic or madman)

From the Middle English *Bedlem*, derived from **B**ethlehem, comes this modern term, which actually commemorates the Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem in Lambeth, London, founded in 1247 for the insane.

## MAGNET (a piece of metal which attracts iron)

Stones in *Magnesia*, Thessaly, which showed magnetic properties, gave rise to the Greek term *Magnesia*, and today's "magnet."





## PAGSANJAN

**T**HE MANILAN in search of a different way to spend a Sunday may find it exhilarating to motor to Pagsanjan in Laguna and "do" the falls. For the uninitiate, the experience is very rewarding; for those who have already gone there, the sights and sounds will be forever new.

Pagsanjan Falls is not in the town of Pagsanjan—this is perhaps the only misconception that the visitor will encounter. It is in the town of Cavinti, Laguna.

A banca without outriggers brings the visitor up the Lumban river to the falls. Two boatmen, trained since childhood for the arduous job, occupy both ends of the banca and paddle past islands of water-lilies and weeds.

After the first rapids and the "Puerto," the cliffs begin to rise 200 feet above the river, now motionless and 20 meters deep. A luxuriant growth of vines, "dapo" and trees cover the cliffs and hide the sun making the gorge look sepulchral even on a bright afternoon.

Once the visitor nears the falls, he hears its rumble and as he rounds the bend he finally sees it, gushing—it seems—from a hole in the cliff.

In an hour, he can go back to the town of Pagsanjan, relying on the skill of his two boatmen to carry the frail banca through the rapids with breath-taking speed.

Back in town, his appetite whetted again, he may have a merienda of the delicacies for

which the town is noted and then he may take a short walk through story-book streets. The city doesn't have the looks and likes of Pagsanjan and when the visitor returns home late in the afternoon, he cannot be called a goof if he ever plans to "do" Pagsanjan again.

**T**HE YEARS have not altered the attraction of Pagsanjan Falls but in recent times, the town itself has undergone such a thorough and pleasant facelift that it may just as well be an attraction in its own right.

After motoring past several shabby looking towns along the way, the visitor is immediately aware that he is entering a new and different dimension once he enters the outskirts of the town. On both sides of the highway, as if some happy quirk of nature, he sees flowering plants apparently well tended as if they were in a private garden. In essence, Pagsanjan town is one vast garden.

The streets are very clean and by design, they all sport flowering plants. In the street corners are rest and reading centers of various designs, all of them actually in use.

Largely responsible for the town's good looks is its mayor. A political institution, he has

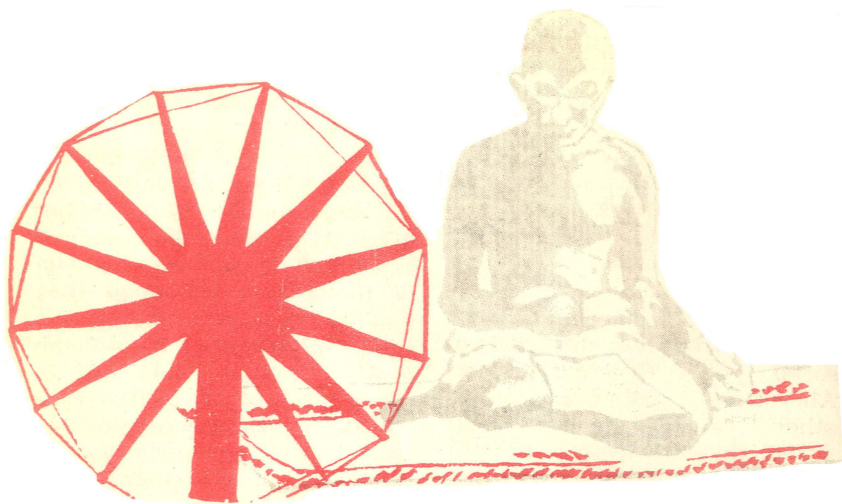
served five terms — all of which have been characterized by civic improvement. And then, there are also the alert young people who have taken to heart the beautification of their town.

Pagsanjan's sterling qualities are not superficial. It is ingrained deep in the character of its citizens. Although they don't have much land to till, by their own frugality and industry, they are able to tide the difficulties that often play havoc on people endowed with more land. They make wooden shoes, and many other household items in backyard shops.

Mrs. Feliza Vidal-Llamas, the town's Grand Old Lady, has set the pattern for many a Pagsanjan housewife. She made the first *Nata de Piña* — a delicacy fit for the table of royalty. Today, taking after her, many of the women in the town are experts in making sweets with native fruits.

Pagsanjan's qualities in civic improvement have not been unnoticed. Not so long ago mayors from all over the province convened in the town to see what makes it tick. The answer lies in the Pagsanjan folks, carefully tending their flowers and living up to the new high in civics they have established. — Adapted from the *Sunday Times Magazine*.

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## Can India's Culture Unite the World?

By **BALDOON DHINGRA**

**L**IN YUTANG once said "India was China's teacher in religion and imaginative literature, and the world's teacher in trigonometry, quadratic equations, grammar, phonetics, Arabian Nights, animal fables, chess as well as in philosophy. She inspired Boccaccio, Goethe, Herder, Schopenhauer, Emerson and old Aesop."

It is freedom and flexibility of Hindu thought which has given to Indian culture its many sided philosophies, forms and symbols, and made of it a human culture suited to the needs of every human being, the world over. All that India can offer to the world



proceeds from her philosophy, and a philosopher in the Indian sense is one who has had a direct realisation of truth. Philosophy to a Hindu is the basis of sociology and education, of art, politics, music and the sciences, even of grammar. For as Gandhi says: "I claim that human mind or human society is not divided into watertight compartments called social, political and religious. All act and react upon one another".

Indian art is essentially religious, its conscious aim being to portray divinity. But the infinite cannot be expressed in finite terms and, in India, art is dedicated to the representation of Gods who to finite man represent comprehensible aspects of an infinite whole. The portrayal of the Buddha in his previous lives as a variety of animals illustrates the brotherly sympathy and tenderness for all living creatures, which is a fundamental aspect of Indian thought.

In the "Jataka Tales" the Buddha has been in turn the elephant bestowing his tusks upon his murderer, the stag who has delivered himself to the king to save a captured hind, the heroic hare leaping into the fire to feed a hungry man and the good king giving the eagle his flesh to save the dove who has sought refuge in his bosom. The same love of

animals is apparent in the frescoes of Ajanta and in the high reliefs and porticoes of Sanchi.

**I**N MUSIC too, India has exerted a great influence, not only upon the West but upon Asia, where its quarter tones and subtle harmonies can be found everywhere, as they may be found in Spain and other countries where the Arabs carried them. As in everything else in India, there is here an intimate relation between nature and art. The ragas or modes of Indian music correspond to the seasons of the year, and each has raginis, variations appropriate to the day and hour of the season.

As Rajpt painting deals with the legends of the gods and with the dharma of India's daily life, so her music is intimately concerned with both. And as the Indian artist painted for a small coterie of connoisseurs, so the Indian musician with his stringed instruments, flutes and drums was content with concerts for the elect, or about the small audience which gathered about village wells under the shade of the pipal tree. To such audiences court musicians on the one hand and wandering minstrels on the other, have sung from time immemorial of the loves of Krishna or of the heroic deeds of Rama. They were and still are

India's popular teachers of morality.

The caste-system helped to maintain the skill of the guilds, handing on traditional crafts and training apprentices. It is still possible in the industrial age with its mass production to watch the weavers of Benares and the shawl-makers of Kashmir which have survived the vicissitudes of thousands of years.

The caste-system has been a conservative force for good and for evil and in the medieval city with its streets of silver—and goldsmiths, of the brocade makers and the sari sellers, there survives an epitome of the middle ages with excellent planning and an ordered social life. At the centre is a great temple and about it lies the city in concentric squares where each guild pursues its calling. In such achievements and in the self-supporting village with its Council of Five which exists today, one finds the typical achievement of ancient India.

In the past, Indian culture has adapted and digested elements of many different cultures: Indo-European, Mesopotamian, Iranian, Greek, Roman, Sythian, Persian and Arab. Now it is well on the way to adjusting itself to the vast hypotheses of modern science. This means that Indian tradition is always being



enriched as the timeless truth is being realised.

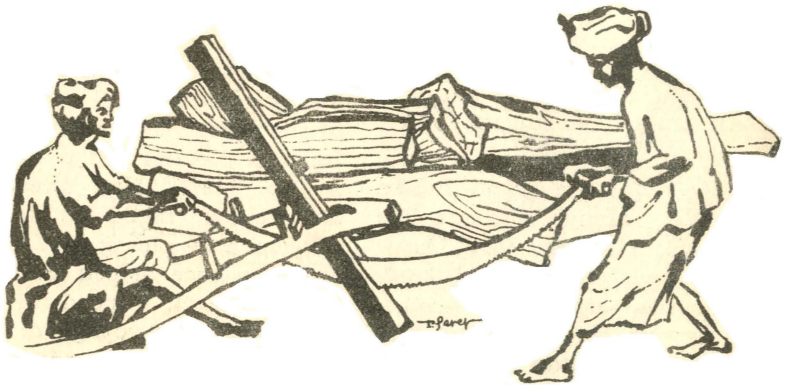
Fruitful exchanges between East and West have taken place since the 4th century B.C. With Alexander's invasion of India, the wall of separation between the East and the West had broken down. An alliance of marriage between an Indian King and a Greek princess was the beginning of a long friendship between Greek and Indians. Ambassadors were exchanged.

Megasthenes, the most important of them, wrote about Chandragupta's empire. When Asoka became king, he sent messengers of world peace to prevent a repetition of tragedies like the Kalinga massacres which led to his conversion. The conversations (like Plato's Dialogues) of a great Bactrian king, Menander, are recorded in a masterpiece "The Questions of King Milanda". Indian fables travelled far and wide. They are now the common property of the world.

So many European tales may be traced to the Buddhist *Jatakas* or Birth Stories, the *Panchtantra*, the *Hitopodesa* or the Book of Good Counsels, and to the *Kathasahitsagara* or Ocean of Stories. Stories, like the Judgment of Solomon, reached Europe quite early. They found their way to Asia Minor as far back as the sixth

century B.C. and the earliest Grek version was attributed to Aesop. Another source through which many Indian motifs reached medieval Europe were the Arabian Nights. The Tales migrated through various channels till La Fontainè made use of the fables of "The Indian Sage Pilpay". Numerous European fairy stories to be found in Grimm or Hans Andersen, including the Magic Mirror, the Seven Leagues Boots, Jack and the Beanstalk, have been traced to Indian sources.

Contact with Islam greatly enriched literature, brought about a revival of painting and achieved a synthesis in art and architecture. Reforming movements received an impetus. Many sects tried to harmonize Hinduism and Islam and to afford a common meeting-ground for devout men and women in which ritual and dogma were ignored. This was



the aim of mystics and saints like Kabir (c.1518), Nanak (1496-1538), Dadu (c.1600). Akbar's ggrandson, Dara, wrote a book "Majmua-ul-Bahrain" (the mingling of the two Oceans). The Muslims also brought historical knowledge, developed Graeco-Arabic medicine, and introduced paper.

**T**HE BRITISH brought peace and the modernization of society. The Indian intellectual Renaissance owes much to British atmosphere and example. It acted as a catalytic agent which enables the dormant forces of Indian culture to reassert themselves after centuries of decay. The work of British Sanskritists restored to the Indians, ignorant of their own history, a people without annals, the fabulous greatness of their own past.

This Renaissance, beginning with literature, art, education, later became a moral force and reformed society and religion. It sought to establish a synthesis of the Hindu tradition and the Western rpirit of inquiry. Thinkers used European literary devices while retaining the spirit of traditional Indian culture. Many reformers like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Dayanand, and Vivekananda, kindled a new sense of the aesthetic aspects of religion, art, domestic life, folklore, kept alight

in recent years by saints and reformers like Tagore, Gandhi, Aurobindo, and Vinoba Bhave.

The untiring efforts of great European scholars—Jones who translated *Manu*, Wilkins who rendered into English the *Bhagavadgita*, James Princep who unravelled the ancient scripts, Max Muller who translated the Sacred Books of the East, and Annie Besant who created the *Theosophical Society*, made the richness of Indian culture available to the East and West alike. "More and more", says Professor Rawlinson, "we are beginning to realize the innumerable contacts, throughout the course of history, between East and West, and their mutual indebtedness in language, literature, art and philosophy. As time goes on, it will be increasingly realized that a knowledge of the history and culture of India is essential to the foundation of a proper understanding of the origin and growth of Western civilization".

Europe can cooperate with Modern India in an adventure of the spirit. The challenge of India is precise: "to what end is your life?" New directions are needed, based on India's religion and philosophy. Europe has once helped India to discover itself; it needs to undertake a new voyage of discovery. The only condition of

a renewal of life should be a spiritual awakening — for on this ground alone does all humanity meet.

For the chosen people of the future can be no nation, no race, but an aristocracy of the whole world. "Let us unite", says Romain Rolland, "for the common task, for the achievement of human genius". — UNESCO.

### Reason for the Veil

*Many Moslem women in Baghdad are discarding the veil—and for a good reason:*

*Increasing numbers of prostitutes are donning the veil—also for a good reason—to hide their identity from relatives.*

*If prostitutes are recognized by their brothers or cousins, they will be killed. A Moslem man is bound by his honor to kill a daughter or sister caught in immorality. He usually takes the blood-stained dagger to the nearest police station and gives himself up, pleading family honor as the motive for the murder.*

*As the veils have increased among the prostitutes in Baghdad, city of 1,001 nights, Moslem ladies no longer consider it respectable to cover their faces. — NEWS ITEM.*

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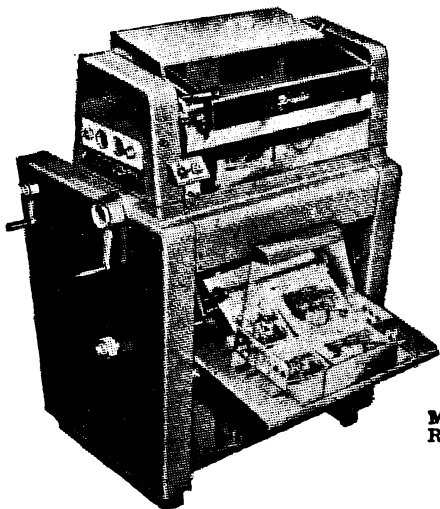
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